BEARERS OF THE TORCH

Katharine R. Crowell

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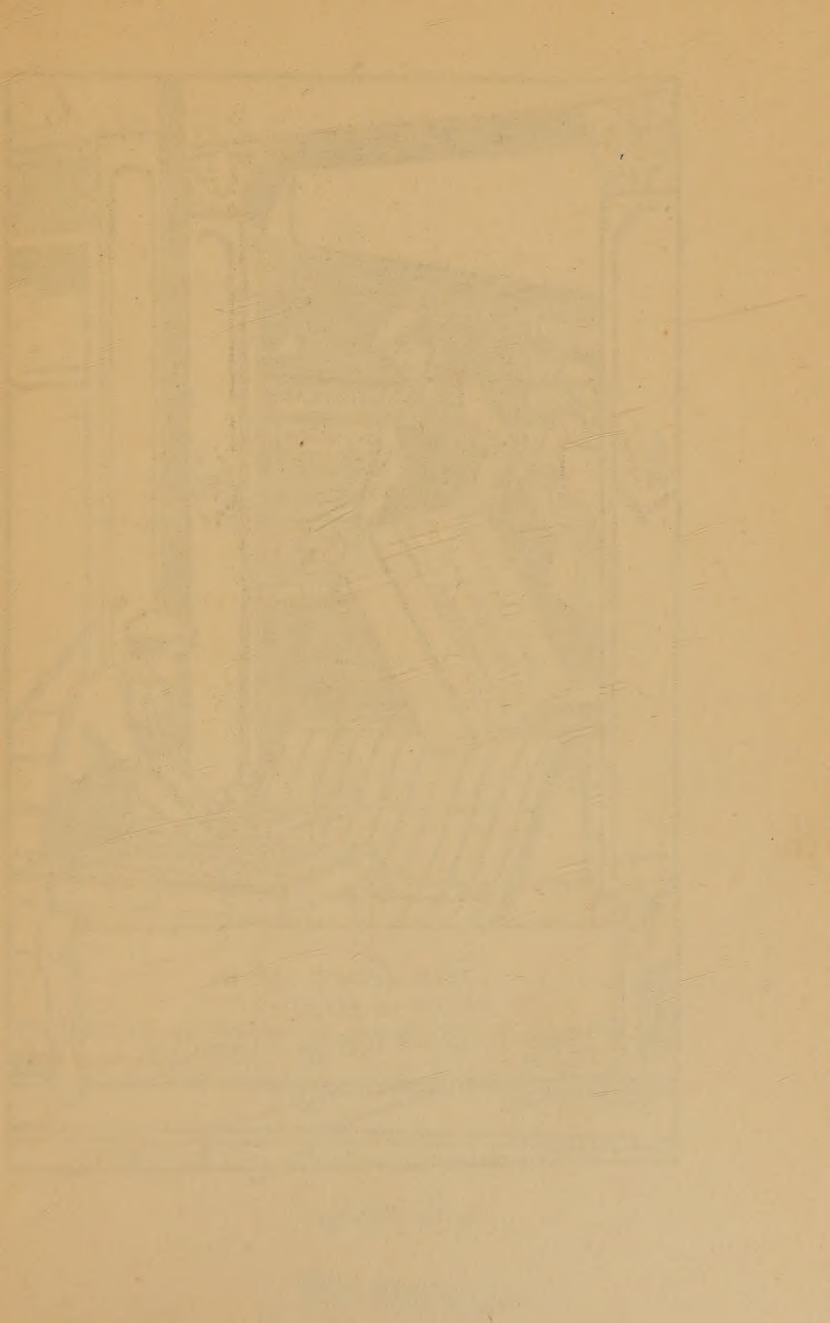

AMERICAN
VERSION
AFRICA
"The Door of a
Million Bibles"
"I Bring You Good Tidings of Great Joy"
Julie C. Pratt

BEARERS OF THE TORCH

By

KATHARINE R. CROWELL

"The Torch was the Word of God lighted by Martin Luther and caught from him by the whole world"

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FOREWORD

"THE BEARERS OF THE TORCH"

WHEN a Scottish Chieftain in a sudden emergency wished to summon his clan for battle, he placed a blood-quenched cross in the hand of "his henchman brave," telling him to run with it swiftly and name to every clansman the time and place to meet his chief; when he reached the next hamlet he must pass on the signal and message to the head man of that hamlet, who, snatching the symbol, must repeat the message to every man until he came to the next village; and so the cross passed from hand to hand and in an incredibly short time every clansman had received the message.

And so *our* Chieftain has commanded us to run swiftly with His message, telling "every creature" whatsoever He hath commanded us.

The message of Roderick Dhu to his clansmen—

> "The muster-place is Lanrick mead—
> Instant the time—speed, clansman, speed!"

was one of battle, hate and fear, but our Chieftain's commandment is that we love one another, and this is the Message:

Behold

I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David

A Saviour

Who is Christ the Lord

This Command and this Message have been carried swiftly by our

BEARERS OF THE TORCH

AT THE START

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow;
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

AT THE START

A Bunch of Boys of the Fifteenth Century

NOT such a bad time, either, to be alive, for the fifteenth century arose upon a dark and ignorant and miserable world, where a tremendous amount of active and heroic work needed to be done. And then, as always where much is doing and needs to be done, it was glorious to be a boy with a chance to take hearty hold and help.

And it is simply amazing—the great share this "bunch" were to have as they grew older in helping to make the world wiser and happier and better—even larger!

The "Dark Ages" were going out as the fifteenth century came in. Not that the world was really dark. No, the sun, of course, arose in splendor, traveled its kingly course across the sky and set in glory, then as now, and the moon and stars lighted the night. It was the ignorant and untaught mind of the people that was so dark, holding the queerest notions, and one of the queerest was that to hold any other than the notions they were used to was wrong.

Is not that a strange idea, when the Bible plainly tells us that it is our duty to cultivate our minds, and when thinking for ourselves is the only way to make them grow?

But, as you will see later, this was just the trouble with the world at that time. *The people did not know the*

Bible. Hardly any one could read—however, that did not matter so much while there were no books to be read! We need not wonder at this, for the only way a book could be made was by the slow copying by hand of something that had been first written long before—so long that the language in which it was written had almost died out of men's knowledge.

Besides, up to this time there had been almost nothing to write on! Perhaps a little prepared sheepskin or parchment might be found in the *Scriptorium,* or writing room of some monastery. (The monks—who were the ministers of those days—thought it was right to cut themselves off from the duties, affections, and temptations of ordinary life, and to live shut up in prison-like buildings called monasteries.)

The *Scriptorium* seems to have been a rather pleasant place, with perhaps a half-dozen young men at work copying and illuminating manuscripts, so that we might call it the publishing house of the Middle Ages, representing Houghton Mifflin, Macmillan, Revell, and all the rest!

However, if there had been abundance of paper to write upon, what in those ignorant days could be written about? And if there had been people with knowledge, who knew how to express their thoughts on paper, there was no clear language understood by the people in which books might be written.

This was the condition of things when the fifteenth century came in—no easily understood language, no knowledge to speak of, no paper to write upon, no quick and easy way to make a book; and—would you believe it?—in our bunch of boys there were those who, when they became men, would supply every one of these great needs!

Julia C. Pratt
"The printing press, the greatest machine ever devised for the extension of knowledge and liberty of mind"

And as to those queer notions—our courageous boys lived long enough to prove how foolish some of them were.

One strange belief that had been held for hundreds of years was that our earth was a fixed, immovable body in the center of the great universe, and that the heavens revolved around it once in twenty-four hours.

People thought the sky was a great solid vault, turning around on a mighty axis which somehow fitted into fixed sockets, and that the stars were attached to the surface of the vault by nails or other wonderful fastening!

Just at the time that more knowledge of the stars became necessary a baby was born in Poland, one of our "bunch," who was named Nicholas. A hard life he had as a boy, for his parents were very poor; it is even thought that they were slaves, or serfs.

But Nicholas was born to better things than money, namely, to brains, the power to use them, and a kind and pitiful heart.

He became a doctor and a priest, and devoted himself to the sick and suffering, to preaching, and to the study of astronomy. His clear mind soon saw that something was wrong in that idea people had about the sky and the stars. Night after night he would sit in a tower, watching the silent stars, and thinking—always thinking.

He saw that the sun did not move around the earth; on the contrary, the earth and other planets went around the sun. But it was terribly dangerous in those days to think such thoughts, and Nicholas Copernicus knew well the risks he ran. He wrote a book to prove his theory, yet feared to give it to the world.

At last he dared to do it; but on the very day he received the first printed copy of his book, Copernicus died.

Printed copy, did I say? Yes, for others of our boys had also been thinking to some purpose.

People's minds were surely waking up from their long sleep! Things happened thick and fast in that great fifteenth century, and one happening led to another in the most wonderful way.

One of our boys saw that more books were needed. As he grew up he put his brains to work on the question of writing material. This, indeed, was a hard nut to crack.

For hundreds and hundreds of years a kind of paper had been made in Egypt from a plant called papyrus.

Perhaps our boy had seen some of this paper. Anyway he saw that material to write on might be made from substances whose fibres could be boiled to a pulp, and he began to experiment with linen rags. At last he was successful in showing that paper could be made from such rags, and before long paper mills were at work.

Just think a moment what a difference such a discovery would make in what had been almost a bookless world!

A short time after this discovery a wonderful thing happened—nothing less than the pouring into Europe (by the way, all our boys lived in Europe) of a flood of knowledge, which for hundreds of years had been shut up in Constantinople, a Greek city of eastern Europe. Just about the time that one of our boys invented a splendid thing, about which I will tell you in a moment, this city was captured by Turks, and many learned men fled from it to western Europe, taking their precious books with them. Now, knowledge began to spread, and many scholars wanted copies of these rare books.

But copying books by hand cost a small fortune, and was, besides, fearfully slow work.

Before the great invention which was to "change the world" had been thought out something had been known of printing, that is, pages had been printed from letters cut into a block of wood—wood-cuts, and very poor ones, as we would think now.

Of course, books could not be printed from wooden blocks in this way—what was needed were small metal letters that might be set up and printed from many times, then distributed and used over and over again. It took a bright young man to think of this plan and carry it out, and just such an alert fifteenth century boy had grown old enough to think of and carry out such a splendid invention—the *printing press,* the greatest machine ever devised for the extension of knowledge and liberty of mind. The inventor was one of our oldest boys, for he was born at Mainz, Germany, very early in the fifteenth century; some people say in its very first year.

You perhaps do not need to be told that this boy's name was John Gutenburg, or that the first book printed on his press was the Bible, printed in Latin. It was our youngest boy who would some day translate it into the language of the people.

However, we have not come to him yet. There is another boy of this wonderful century, born in Genoa, who became a great sailor, whom we must think of now.

We were speaking a while ago of queer notions—stars being nailed to the sky-ceiling of our earth was one of them.

Another was that the earth was flat, and surrounded on all sides by oceans filled with the most terrifying and blood-curdling, ghostly creatures. Woe to the sailor who ventured too far out from the friendly land!

This boy of Genoa—when he was grown up—did venture into the very worst of all the oceans—so unknown and frightful that it was called The Sea of Darkness; and you all know, of course, who this boy was and what happened when he sailed "On! and On! and On!"

So you see one of our fifteenth century "bunch" helped to change our world, and another gave us a new one! Still another opened to us the world of the stars and another, the baby of the bunch—he was only nine years old when Columbus discovered America—put into men's hands the knowledge of the Creator and Redeemer of the heavens and the earth.

Taking them all together, we owe to them almost a new heaven and a new earth.

Yet after all, they were, at the start, *just boys.*

Rather a great thing, this being a boy, is it not?

I

HOW THE TORCH WAS LIGHTED

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, arm'd with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Thro' Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is forever.

—Martin Luther.

I

HOW THE TORCH WAS LIGHTED

SOMETHING unusual must have been going on on a certain crisp autumn day in the little town of Jüterbok, near the borders of Saxony and the town of Wittenberg. One could feel excitement in the very air, and on all the roads leading to the town, at other times quite deserted and lonely, were streams of people, some on horseback, or in clumsy, springless wagons or creaking ox-carts, but many more on foot, and carrying with them provisions for the journey.

Once in the town, it were easy to find the great attraction, simply by following the crowd to the market place in front of the church, where was great bustle and much eager talking. In front of the church door had been placed a pulpit, and very near it was a heavy money chest, securely fastened by several padlocks.

The great bell of the church began to boom and all talk stopped, for there was the sound of many voices singing, and advancing towards the church was a long procession, priests, altar boys swinging smoking censers, and the magistrates of the town followed by many brotherhoods carrying gay banners; then the crowd seemed almost to hold its breath when a young monk appeared bearing a purple velvet cushion, on which rested a parchment, and, following him, a monk carrying a large red cross. Behind him walked the man—John Tetzel—commissioned by the

Pope to give pardons for sin—indulgences they were called—in return for a confession, and a certain sum of money—the worse the sin the more money required.

The procession streamed into the church, but the Pope's commissioner quickly reappeared and took his stand on the pulpit by the money chest, while on the steps were placed tables, with quill pens and heavy leaden inkwells. Clerks seated themselves before the tables, and Master Tetzel in a great voice which could be heard to the farthest edge of the market place began to preach to the people, urging them to purchase the certificates of pardon which he was selling in the name of the Pope. The money would be used, so the speaker said, in building the Church of St. Peter at Rome.

Many a man had a heavy load of sin on his conscience, and though he could ill afford it—for the people were very poor—he was glad to pay to be rid of the fear of punishment; so the clerks at the tables were kept busy signing certificates, and the money paid poured steadily into the chest.

Poor deceived people! A few perhaps were not so ignorant, but it would be a brave man who, in those days, would dare to speak against the Pope.

There was a man who knew and who was not afraid.

Listen, now, to a German lad as he tells what this man did.

"Grandmother!" exclaimed Rudolf, as he hurried into the house for his dinner of black bread and sausage. "I have been with Dr. Luther today. Master sent me to the Augustinian Convent to get some papers to be printed. Dr. Luther was not there; he had just gone, they said, to the Castle Church, taking some papers with him. So I ran to the church and got there first, and there was Dr.

"Those hammer-strokes would ring down through the ages, the beginning of a new and wonderful life for the whole world"
Julia C. Batt

Luther coming up College street. He walked just like a soldier, Grandmother; his head was thrown back and he looked as if he were marching to a battle. And he did have the papers, a thick roll of them, covered with large black writing, and in his other hand he carried a big hammer."

"The papers are nothing new," said Grandmother. "Dr. Martin is always writing. But why should he carry a hammer?"

"That is what I thought," said Rudolf, "and I soon had a chance to see why, for Dr. Martin went to the door of the church and started to nail the papers to it, but his cassock blew all about him and the papers flapped and slapped in the wind, so I took off my cap and bowed low and asked if I might hold down the papers. Dr. Martin smiled—you know, Grandmother, how kind-looking his eyes are—and thanked me for my help, and then I tell you, he drove the nails home! Why! I could hear the great blows of the hammer through all the howling and shrieking of the wind. When every corner was firmly fastened, Dr. Luther told me to come back to the convent with him, and he gave me copies of the papers, and our press will clang all night, getting them printed."

Rudolf finished his dinner and hurried back to his work at the printing press—a boy dared not be late in those days—and neither he nor his grandmother ever dreamed that those hammer-strokes would ring down through the ages, nor that the large black writing nailed to the church door on that windy thirty-first of October, 1517, was the beginning of a new and wonderful life for the whole world—*The Reformation,* the beginning of what may be called the spark that should later kindle *The Torch* which was to pass from hand to hand, to the east and

west, to the north and the south, until at length the whole earth shall be filled with knowledge of its message.

Perhaps you are thinking that you do not know this man with the marching step and the wonderful eyes, who on that windy day nailed the flapping papers to the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg.

Ah, but you do! At least, you saw him in that bunch of boys of the fifteenth century. Martin Luther, the youngest of all, and, as it turned out, the greatest!

He was the kind of boy you like. Do you know a boy who has a wonderful voice, clear and true, and who loves to sing? Who has a clear brain and stands high in his classes, and a warm heart which feels for everybody; who is honorable and true and who always defends the weak; who has a tremendous power of will, and when he does a thing does it with all his might; who also is full of fun and jollity?

If you know such a boy you surely admire and love him, and so if you had known Martin Luther you would have admired and loved him, for he was just that kind of fellow!

They were hard days, though, for a boy to grow up in, for fathers and teachers and masters were terribly strict, thinking it right to flog a child most severely for the very smallest fault, or wrong doing.

Martin's father felt that way and often beat his little son until the blood came; yet he loved Martin, and denied himself everything, in order to pay for the boy's schooling, for he was a miner and very poor.

Martin was a fine student and studied hard, yet—to say nothing of his father's beatings, he was once flogged by the schoolmaster fifteen times in one day!

It was not in those days that he was full of fun and jollity. No, indeed; a half-starved and brutally treated little lad he was then, who had to beg his daily bread from door to door.

It is not quite true though to say that he begged his food, for he certainly gave something in return by singing carols in his clear, true voice, and this carol-singing so pleased a kind, and well-to-do woman, who listened to him one day, that she filled Martin's bag with good food; and when next she heard the high, sweet tones, she asked him to come and live in her house, and there under the influence of her cheeriness, and her kind heart, Martin's life seemed fairly to blossom out, and he became very popular with the boys and girls of his acquaintance as well as with older people.

Not one of those boys and girls—not Martin Luther himself—had ever seen a Bible, and even if they had, they would have had to know Latin or Greek to read it, for it had not then been translated into German.

Put yourself in Martin's place for a minute. Suppose you had never seen a Bible—in your home, in a bookstore, not even in church (there were many, many churches in Germany). Try to think how it would be, if you had never read or heard the whole story of the life of Jesus Christ upon earth, or that He alone had power to take away sin and help us to live pure and brave and loving lives—that you had been taught to *buy* pardon for sin, and to pray to men and women called "saints," but who in their lifetime had sinned just as you do.

Well, that was the way it was with Martin Luther, and it is not all the truth to say that the beginning of the Reformation in Germany was that windy day when the theses—as they are called—were nailed to the church door!

No! it rather began on the day Martin Luther, while still a student, found in the library of his University an old copy of a Latin Bible, for it was the light that flooded his mind and heart in the study of that Bible that made it clear to him that the Pope had no power to forgive sins.

And this is what the hammer strokes and the "big, black letters," rang out that day!

In his manhood Dr. Luther wrote other things too, which were as good news from a far country, and we ourselves owe a great deal to the clanging printing presses and beyond them to that great boy of the fifteenth century, John Gutenburg; "glorious Johannes, what a debt to thee and thy printer's art, owe all who love truth, justice and the freeing of the human soul." His presses scattered the good tidings "as though an angel carried them," as an old chronicler said, far and wide over Germany.

Remember there were no newspapers, nor "wireless," nor railroads, nor express companies, nor parcels post in those days; but there were merchants sending their merchandise from one rich and rising German city to another, and every bale carried also Luther's books, reaching and read by thousands of persons in the great cities. There were peddlers, too, of all sorts of things; into their packs were slipped Luther's pamphlets and in many a lonely farmhouse and castle groups of men and women gathered to hear them read.

And not books and pamphlets only. Luther wrote, also, many hymns, telling clearly and beautifully and in German words, the new-found truths of the Bible, and set them to simple music which the people could sing; and soon Luther's hymns were loved and sung all over Germany, as they are—not only in Germany but in all Chris-

tendom—until this day, "as though," indeed, "angels carried them."

For thus denying the power of the Church of Rome and of the Pope, Martin Luther was called a "heretic," and the Pope ordered his books to be burned in the marketplace of many a city of Germany.

But even as the smoke arose from their burning the presses clanged, printing books faster than they were burned, for the greater the burnings the greater the demand for them.

Then came something even worse than the burning of the books—the Pope's "Bull of Excommunication" as it was called. This was in those days a terrible thing and would have frightened a less brave man than Martin Luther, for it cut him off from the Church, which he still loved, and was supposed also to shut him out of heaven when he should die.

But Martin Luther trusted in the Word of God and the word of the Pope had therefore no terrors for him. When the great parchment roll containing the Bull of Excommunication, signed by the Pope of all Christendom, was brought to him in his study at the Convent at Wittenberg late one afternoon, and his friends stood silent about him in sorrow and distress, what did they hear?

Dr. Luther stood very firm and straight, lifted in his hand his Bible and said: "Let me say the forty-sixth Psalm," and then in the twilight, without opening the book, he recited in Latin, and if you have ever heard the reading of Latin poetry you will know how majestic sounded the forty-sixth Psalm as Dr. Luther's rich and beautiful voice rolled it forth.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled: though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

The waters raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Let the Wittenberg lad, Rudolf, tell what was done with the Pope's Bull:

"Grandmother," Rudolf said one day at dinner, "I saw a great sight today. Yesterday some students from the University told Master that there would be a goodly bonfire this forenoon—such as Wittenberg has never seen, they said—outside the walls by the Elster Gate. 'Dr. Luther will be there and there will be a merry blaze,' said they, and then went on their way singing a college song.

"I saw that Master grew very pale. (He and Dr. Luther are great friends, you know), and I heard him mutter, 'What a flame will Dr. Martin kindle to-morrow! It's a brave deed; no braver was ever done. Well,' and he drew a long breath, 'only God knows what shall come of it. But I am with Friar Martin—for life or for death.'

"Then he told us all to go to the Elster Gate early this morning to see a sight which we would remember all our lives. As soon as it was over we must come straight back to work, for there would be much to keep the presses busy.

"So, early this morning—Ach! how damp and cold it was, heavy mists were rolling in from the Elbe, so that I could see only the towers of the Castle Church and the Parish Church—we all hastened out to that little chapel

just outside the Elster Gate. You know where it is, don't you Grandmother?"

"Yes, I know," said Grandmother, "and the pesthouse is near by. It was there your father and mother died of the plague, Rudolf."

"I know, Grandmother," said Rudolf, "and there in the open space before the pesthouse the university students had heaped a great pile of dry wood and had soaked it well with pitch."

"What was it all for?" asked his grandmother.

"I did not know then," said Rudolf. "We stood, all of us, in a circle around the pile of wood, waiting.

"All at once there was a great stir and excitement. Some one said, '*There he comes!*' and there was a procession of professors and doctors from the university, the crowd opening to let them through. They marched to the pile, Dr. Luther first, carrying in his arms a load of books which he cast on the pile (Master told me afterwards, Grandmother, that these books had made people forget the Word of God, and that was the reason Dr. Luther burned them).

"One of the professors threw a blazing fire brand far into the pile of pitch-soaked wood, which instantly caught and the flames soared high. Such a crackling and blazing, Grandmother! Such a mighty bonfire I never saw! Yet there was no shouting nor jeering. It was as still as death except for the hissing and crackling and roaring as the flames mounted higher and higher, when Dr. Luther came forward again, and taking from under his robe a roll of parchment he held it high so all might see the coat of arms and the Pope's great seal—then he flung it far into the midst of the roaring flames. As the parchment burned fiercely Dr. Martin said some-

thing. I could not understand the words, but his deep, full, steady voice was splendid, Grandmother! Then he turned away, wrapped his cassock about him and went back quietly, with his friends, to the Convent."

Rudolf looked at his grandmother. She was as white as a sheet of paper and trembling from head to foot.

"What was the scroll, Grandmother, that Dr. Luther burned?" he asked fearfully. "Do you know? and why are you frightened?"

"Yes, lad," whispered his grandmother. "I know and all Germany will know. It was a terrible thing—but a brave deed and holy, lad—that Dr. Luther did this day!

"Just one man, and he the son of a poor miner, has dared to scorn all the power of the Pope and the Emperor. For this they call our Dr. Martin a heretic and the punishment, lad, for heresy, is to be burned to death."

"Grandmother!" gasped Rudolf in horror. "To be burned to death—our kind Dr. Martin? Why, Grandmother, there is not a boy or girl in Wittenberg who does not love him! Such beautiful stories he tells us; such kind looks he gives us!"

"No, nor a man or woman," answered Grandmother, while tears rolled down her cheeks. "Scarcely a man or woman in all Germany but loves him and blesses him for what he has told us of the love of God. Aye, many there are who would even die for him."

"Grandmother," said Rudolf, "Dr. Martin says that we may pray to the Lord Christ himself, that He loves us and will answer our prayers."

"Yes, lad," said Grandmother, "and we will pray. All you boys and girls must pray to the Lord Christ that our Dr. Martin may be saved from the burning."

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It was true, as Grandmother said, excommunication by the Pope was not all that might be done to punish one who had been pronounced a heretic. There was another thing. He could be summoned to appear before a great council to take back all he had said or written; if he refused to "recant," as this taking back was called, the Pope had power to condemn him to be burned to death.

And all this Martin Luther knew right well, yet never did he falter in the path of truth.

And so it came to pass.

In January, 1521, not long after the burning of the Pope's "Bull of Excommunication," there was a great gathering of the Diet* of the Empire at the city of Worms. The Emperor and all his lords and councillors were present. To it came also, from Italy, ambassadors from the Pope, with a great and magnificent following of cardinals and nobles.

Soon, there came to the quiet convent in Wittenberg, the Emperor's messenger bringing a summons for Dr. Martin Luther to appear before the Diet, to answer to the Emperor and the Diet for his books and his teachings.

That which had been dreaded had come to pass, and some of Dr. Luther's friends were frightened. Not so Dr. Martin!

"What will you do, Dr. Luther?" hesitatingly asked one of his friends.

"What will I do?" said Luther, "I will go."

There was not much time for getting ready, for the summons required Luther to be present at Worms on the sixteenth of April. Friends in Wittenberg gladly provided a covered wagon and good horses for the journey.

*The great Council of the Empire.

They set out, Luther and three companions, on April 2, 1521, a sad day for Wittenberg, whose people gathered in the streets for a last look at their beloved friend whose face they might never see again.

The lad Rudolf was there, and so were many another boy and girl who loved the kind friar who had often given them hearty words of greeting and counsel.

Rudolf and his grandmother waited long in a corner outside the convent garden. In the garden waited also the professors of the university, the chief men of Wittenberg, and many students.

At last Dr. Luther came down from his study. His step was firm, his face calm, and his wonderful, deep eyes were calm also, and clear.

Beside him was his dearest friend and helper, Phillip Melanchthon (about whom, if this story could be longer, there would be a great deal to tell), who silently wrung his hand.

There was perfect silence, a great hush over the crowd, who hoped Dr. Luther would say something, and he did:

"They have torn in pieces my honor and my good name. Only my poor body is left. He who is resolved to bear the Word of Christ to the world must expect death every hour. Therefore, I am well prepared."

Then Rudolf saw him take his cap from his head and bow right and left to the people.

"Christ keep us all," he said, "good Christian neighbors and brothers of Wittenberg, and bring us safe to heaven. And now—farewell!"

Then Rudolf watched eagerly. They started off, a nobleman and some of his servants on horseback riding behind the wagon as a guard. In front of all rode the

Emperor's messenger who had brought the summons, his bright livery flashing and in his hand the red, black and gold banner of the Emperor.

They went on in silence. But Rudolf's old grandmother could stand it no longer, and suddenly she started out from the crowd crying in great grief:

"They are taking away the dear Dr. Martin! Dr. Martin, who taught my lads and maids how to live! They will burn him! They will burn him! We shall never see him more!"

Some one pulled her back roughly, but as the wagon rolled by, Dr. Luther said in his clear, beautiful voice, "God bless you, good grandmother," and as Rudolf looked he saw that Dr. Martin's cheeks were wet with tears.

* * * * * * * *

So began the journey, and all along the way people of every kind, high and low, rich and poor, ran—as a chronicler of the time said—"to gaze upon the wonderful man who was so bold as to set himself against the Pope and all who in opposition to Christ look upon the Pope as a god."

Yet, although Martin Luther was the hero of Germany, every day the danger grew. At Wiemar, while dining at an inn, a herald brought the news that the Emperor had ordered the burning of Luther's books all through Germany.

"*Now,* Herr Doctor," he said, "will you go on to Worms?"

"Yes," said Luther quietly, without change of color.

"The man rides to his death," said one of those with him. "The Emperor is surely against him."

Nevertheless, the horses were reharnessed and Dr. Luther was the first to climb into the wagon. They traveled on and at length on the 15th day of April the Rhine had been crossed and they were but one day's ride from Worms.

Here came a warning of danger that might make the bravest heart quake, and Luther was advised to take refuge in a strong castle belonging to a warm friend, a great noble with many soldiers at his command.

"Von Sickengen is a great noble," said Dr. Martin. "I thank him for this offer. As for me, *though there be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the housetops, yet will I go there.* Drive onward."

And so it came to pass on the next day—a lovely spring day when all the buds were bursting and the trees putting forth their leaves, and the larks were singing far up in the clear blue sky—that about noon the trumpeter above the gate blew loudly on his horn—signal to all the crowded city that Friar Martin had come to face his fate. As the little cavalcade rode into the city, thousands of people poured forth from the houses into the street to see him.

It seemed that all the world, as it was then known, had come together for this gathering, and everybody, high and low, was trying to get a glimpse of Martin Luther, whether he called him a saint or a heretic!

The day came at last—the great day looked forward to by millions throughout Germany—April 18, 1521. Millions, too, were asking this question:

"Will the friar, the peasant's son, recant before the princes, bishops and Emperor, or will he stand fast?"

It was a mighty and gorgeous assemblage before which appeared Martin Luther, escorted to the door of the

great hall by many scarlet-coated soldiers, but walking alone to the dais, where he was told to answer plainly whether he stood by the contents of his books or whether he was ready to recant them.

As that great assemblage, Emperor, archdukes, lords and bishops waited for the answer, the hall was so still one might hear a pin drop.

And then he spoke, the peasant's son spoke, and he was as calm and deliberate as when speaking to his students at Wittenberg.

Through his clear voice rang strength and sweetness, as he spoke first in Latin and then was told to repeat his words in German, so those might understand who could not follow the Latin.

Finally the question was put:

"Will you, or will you not, recant?"

And down the hall bore Luther's voice as one who has described it says, "not shrill, not shouting, simply deep with the depths of the mighty spirit within."

"Since your Majesty and your Lordships," he said, "ask for a plain answer, I will give it, and here it is: Unless I am convinced by Scripture or by plain reason, seeing that Popes and Councils have often erred and contradicted God's word, I cannot recant. I neither will nor can recant anything, because it is neither safe nor right to act against one's conscience. For my conscience is caught in the Word of God."

Then he threw out his arms and cried:

"Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen!"

Then there was wild excitement, and a multitude swirled around Luther and almost bore him off his feet, but his friends among the high nobles surrounded him

and got him out of the great hall. Italians and Spaniards tried to get near, their angry eyes flashing, crying, "To the Fire! To the Fire! Burn the heretic!" But the German nobles closed about him as a guard of honor and took him safely back to his lodgings in the house of the Knights of St. John, the hero of Germany, who had braved every peril. Where others, even the wise and noble, would have recanted, he had refused. Where the bravest might have faltered, he had stood steadfast. "He had been true to himself, in face of the scorn and thunder and fury of nearly all the great ones of the world, and he was enshrined forever in the hearts of Germany."

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A few days later the wagon and horses were made ready, and Dr. Luther and his companions started on the long journey back to Wittenberg. It was an anxious time to his friends, for they knew his life was in danger. Let us learn from Rudolf what happened on the way, for of all places the printing house was the best to hear news.

"There is something wrong with Master today," said Rudolf, as he came in at noon for his dinner. "Nothing goes right somehow, and all the morning professors and doctors from the university have been coming in to talk with Master. You see, Grandmother, it is more than time for Dr. Martin to be back from Worms, and this, I think, is what is the matter."

"Aye," said Grandmother, "they have good reason to be anxious. There is many a man from Rome who would be glad to kill Dr. Luther. But woe, woe be to any one who does harm to the Lord's anointed!"

"You remember, Grandmother," Rudolf said, "what Dr. Luther said the day he went away. 'He who is resolved to bear the word of Christ to the world must expect death every hour.'"

"Yes, lad," said Grandmother, "I mind it well. May the Lord Christ guard and keep him! But hurry back, lad, to your work, you are late enough now."

So Rudolf hastened away, and even as he went quickly through the street he knew that something must have happened, there were so many people hurrying toward the printing house.

And when he got there he learned what it was, and ran quickly back home.

"Grandmother!" he called. "Grandmother!" "They cannot find Dr. Luther! Master says he has disappeared and no one knows where he is, and every one has a different story. Some say he has been killed, but one man told Master that the horses and wagon have been found and the man who was driving said they had been stopped on the road by some armed men and Dr. Luther had been dragged out and carried off—and they don't know, Grandmother, whether Dr. Martin is dead or alive." Sobs choked poor Rudolf, and he broke down utterly.

As it was in Wittenberg, so was it all over Germany. No one knew whether Dr. Martin Luther was alive or dead, and all hearts were sad because of it. But we, living long afterwards—nearly four hundred years afterwards—may know well what happened that day.

It was true that Dr. Luther had been taken from his wagon and made a prisoner, but it was by friends and not by foes, and the "prison" to which they took him was the great fortress of the Wartburg in the Thuringian

Forest, belonging to his powerful friend, Prince Frederick of Saxony, "the knight of the pure heart," and there in the disguise of a knight, he lived for more than a year.

And what did he do in the Wartburg? Can you not think?

He translated the Bible into German, so that all might read and understand, and so Martin Luther *lighted The Torch*—for "The Torch" is the Word of God.

* * * * * * * *

By the Word the world has been subdued, by the Word the Church has been upheld, and by the Word it will be reformed.—*Martin Luther.*

II

THE TORCH PASSED ON TO AMERICA

JESUS! LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesus! Lover of my soul
  Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
  All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
  Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
  Rise, to all eternity!

—Charles Wesley.

II.

THE TORCH PASSED ON TO AMERICA.

NEARLY two hundred years had passed since Martin Luther, confined in the castle of the Wartburg, had lighted The Torch for Germany, when there were born in England three boys—"just boys"—who would be, when grown to young manhood, "Bearers of The Torch" in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and America, doing a work for the happiness and betterment of the world so great and splendid that it is impossible to measure or compute it. Brave work it was, too, fearlessly carried on against much opposition from the higher classes, and fierce mobs of the lowest and most brutal people of England, so neglected and ignorant that many of them seemed more like brutes than men.

You will agree with me that it took some courage to face great crowds of such people, armed with clubs and stones and furiously angry, yet they did calmly face such mobs—these heroes of this chapter.

Suppose we put on our long distance glasses and take a look backward to the Epworth Parsonage, where two of those boys were born, and see what we shall see.

A group of boys and girls seem to be taking their places in the schoolroom.

"Nothing," you say, "so very remarkable about that!"

But for those days it was very remarkable. Hardly another mother than theirs would have thought of such a thing as providing a good education for girls! Certainly not, if they had as little money as Parson Wesley, who lived upon a very small salary. Heaven and earth might be moved in order that the boys should go to boarding school, and even to college, but the girls—Mrs. Wesley knew they would never have an education, unless she, herself, taught them. And so she did; beginning when the oldest child was five years old, she taught the children—boys and girls—six hours a day for twenty years.

The group we caught a glimpse of were all the children of Parson Wesley and their beautiful teacher was their mother.

You must have noticed in that glance into the schoolroom that the boys and girls—strong and brainy-looking—were cheerful and happy but very quiet.

Indeed they were quiet and well-behaved, for strict discipline was maintained, I can tell you, in the Epworth Parsonage!

Mrs. Wesley was one of twenty-five brothers and sisters and had herself nineteen children; naturally, she had discovered that much more pleasure and profit could be gained from life if certain rules were laid down.

These rules were very seldom broken, for each child was early taught to understand that the rod would surely be used, and to some purpose, should any law of the parsonage be disobeyed.

I am sure none of you ever saw such a household. Everything was done by rule and method, the children went to sleep by rule and awoke by rule. Every waking minute was planned out for them. There was a time to

dress, and a time to eat, and at the table each child must do exactly so and so, partaking quietly of whatever was set before him—or her. He might not even pleasantly refuse it; it must be eaten; also each one was taught to ask a blessing on its food, even the babies before they could walk or talk must go through the motions! And so it was all through the day, certain times to work, to play, to study, to sew, to work in the garden—where, by the way, were queer new fruits and vegetables brought from America—with a long time reserved for committing chapters of the Bible to memory, and for the older ones to teach it to the younger.

Just so much time for each thing and just so much of it was permitted—no more and no less—unless, indeed, it were laughing! All accounts seem to agree that there was no limit in the Wesley household to that, and the Wesley children might—of course at proper times and in proper places—laugh as much as they felt like, but even the smallest babies must not cry—or if they did it must be very softly. We can see how this must have helped in such a large family. Fancy so many children shedding angry tears and making a hullabaloo all over the house from morning to night!

It is pleasant to know that there never was such an uproarious state of things in the Epworth parsonage.

But the Wesleys, all of them, sang, and school always opened and closed with singing.

I fancy that the Wesley children were not allowed to talk overmuch when older persons were present, and especially when distinguished people came to visit their father and mother; but they were sometimes permitted to listen, and we are told by some of the sons and daughters that as children they learned a great deal of what

was going on in the world and of public matters in this way. Books and newspapers were neither cheap nor plentiful in those days, and it was a great matter when some one came from London to the quiet parsonage in the country and told some startling piece of news which had been heard in a coffee-house or news-room; perhaps the visitor wore clothes cut after a new fashion, or, and best of all, as the children thought, brought to them in his saddle bags a package of some new kind of food from over the seas.

Still, they were not likely to get more than a taste, especially if, as were probable, the package contained tea, a costly beverage which at that time was a great luxury, coming all the way from China, and costing five dollars or more a pound. Tea was not, however, at this time as much of a novelty as it had been a few years before, when some one receiving a present of some, boiled it in water, poured off the brown liquid and ate the leaves, with salt and butter. The result is not known! To be sure, the ship that brought the tea perhaps carried also preserved ginger or other sweetmeats from China, and the kind friend, if rich enough, might possibly remember the Epworth children. Alas! one of Mrs. Wesley's rules was, "Nothing to eat between meals!"

Perhaps you may have heard your father say, "Whatever your mother says, goes." It was just that way with John and Charles Wesley and the seventeen other children—whatever their mother said, *went*.

Well, the children "turned out" finely, so Mrs. Wesley's training must have been good. Their methodical ways to which they kept when they grew up enabled them to do an enormous amount of work as business men and housekeepers, authors and authoresses, musicians, poets

and poetesses, preachers (but not, I believe, preacheresses), while their not crying could not have hurt them for when they became men and women they were not troubled with "nerves," and their untiring energy was simply magnificent!

As to laughing all they could—that formed a splendid habit, too. Years and years and years afterward when someone asked John Wesley how it was that he could always be so cheerful, he said it was natural to him to be so. "I could not," he said, "fret any more than I could lie or swear."

And it was a splendid thing in the Wesley family, that they were all so truthful and upright, for in the time they lived there was a terrible amount of lying and swearing in the world, of drunkenness, too, and all kinds of vice.

As we take leave of the school days at Epworth parsonage, let me quote some words that seem to describe the boys whom we shall presently follow to college.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

The following tiny hymn for little children was written by one of the children of the Epworth parsonage:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon this little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Grant Thy little child a place.

John and Charles did go to college—to Oxford. They were among the youngest of the family and probably their older brothers helped them through.

Naturally they took with them the methodical ways and the religious habits of their boyhood. A few others of similar character joined them in these things and soon their dissipated and time-wasting fellow students began in ridicule to call them "Methodists." Little did they dream that this nickname would stick, and become honorable, and that some day, by the example of the Wesleys and through their influence there would be millions and millions of "Methodists," not in England only, but in almost the whole world.

Yet so it turned out, and even greater things than this came to pass.

Great Britain at that time was not much like the noble and enlightened country that it is to-day. Shall I tell you to what it owes a great part of the difference? Or, will you try to find out for yourself in the first page of this chapter?

Put on your thinking caps, and I am sure you can give the right answer.

I hope you will be able to, for I must hasten on to tell you about that third boy. His name was George Whitefield, and he was born not in a parsonage, but in an inn, and grew up in very bad surroundings to be a stable boy and bartender.

After a time, he became disgusted with this life, turned to better things and began to wish for an educa-

tion. He managed at length to go to Oxford, where he formed a friendship with John and Charles Wesley and others of the little group of "Methodists," and with them he learned much of the truth and power of the Bible. He soon became filled with a great desire to tell to others what he himself had learned of the love of God made known through Jesus Christ; to tell them also that they must be "born again" as Jesus told Nicodemus.

Strange as it seems to us to-day, when bishops and ministers found that young Whitefield and the Wesleys were preaching that people must turn from their sins and live lives of earnest purpose and endeavor after goodness, they closed the churches against them. "Well, then," said Whitefield, "the fields are open," and he and the Wesleys began to preach in the open places about London and in fields or on hillsides in the country. The country people flocked to hear them from miles and miles around.

The young ministers preached also in the fields near large manufacturing cities and the great coal mines by the sea, and many a great tree still called a "Gospel Oak" shows where some of these preaching places were.

Sometimes as many as twenty thousand people gathered to listen to wonderful words of life such as they had never before heard.

John Wesley preached also to men of Cornwall, who were not miners but wreckers, for there was many and many a wreck on its rocky coasts.

Now, on all dangerous sea coasts there are life-saving stations, and daring and courageous life-savers. In Wesley's day these men of the coast watched for storms in unholy eagerness and made, rather than prevented, wrecks; and many a poor sailor or passenger on a mer-

chant ship cast up by the waves with the breath still in his body, was killed or robbed of all his belongings and left to die by these inhuman men. So long had they thus robbed and murdered, that no sense of right seemed to be left; but the mingled kindness of action and stern preaching of these young men awoke even their consciences, so that many of them repented of their evil deeds and tried for the rest of their lives to atone for them by becoming intrepid life-savers, rescuing and restoring to life many a wrecked sailor who seemed to have drawn his last breath.

So it was everywhere all over Great Britain; this new preaching, like John the Baptist's, brought forth fruits "worthy of repentance," for this preaching was kept up for years and years, and John Wesley became the head of a great body of Christians that ever grew larger.

Notice of the place of meeting having been sent on ahead of the preacher, immense crowds gathered at the spot chosen, waiting patiently often for hours until Wesley appeared on his horse; perhaps singing hymns while they waited, for in all these years the hymns of Charles Wesley had sung the gospel all through England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland.

Charles Wesley is called the "Sweet Singer of Methodism," and his brother John might well be named the "Man on Horseback," for for years he rode sixty or seventy miles a day, going from one preaching place to another. He and Whitefield in this way preached to millions of people, high and low, educated and ignorant; and when multitudes became earnest Christians, turning from their former ways of living, of course England became a very different place. When people really love God, they "love their brother also," and as the influence of the "Metho-

dists" became wider and deeper there was born in England a great love for humanity, such as had never before been known.

Let me tell you of some splendid things which were kindled by *The Torch* as it was borne through Great Britain by John and Charles Wesley, and by Whitefield. (But Whitefield did not spend *all* his life in Great Britain. I will tell you about that presently.)

One of the great changes was in the character of the ministers, the "fox-hunting parsons" and the "absentee bishops," some of whom never even saw their churches and people, but lived far away in some gayer and pleasanter place.

Since Wesley's preaching and arousing of the conscience of Great Britain, bishops and ministers have become most noble and useful; this has been a most important thing for England, for there is a saying, "Like priest, like people," and the people are changed also.

One of the finest things brought about was the establishment of schools for the common people. These began in Robert Raikes' Sunday Schools, and we are told that a member of John Wesley's family persuaded him to attempt them.

Whether this is true or not, popular education in England is due to the new interest in children aroused by Wesley and his fellow workers.

This new "Passion of love for humanity," led also to foreign missions (including missions to America and the Indians), and to the stopping of the English slave trade; to the lessening of cruelty in prisons and workhouses, and to righteous living and a love of truthfulness.

As I said, Whitefield did not spend all his life in Great Britain; he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, in any

sort of vessel that could be found to take him, and the voyage was always many weeks long; sometimes he sailed for thirteen weeks before reaching land. Besides these voyages, he many times sailed in a small sloop from Savannah to New York or Boston, for he made many trips through the colonies, always preaching to enormous crowds; often twenty, sometimes thirty thousand gathered to hear him. Sometimes he made the long journey from Philadelphia to Georgia by land, traveling on horseback.

When we remember that these were the days of Daniel Boone and of Leather-stocking and "The Last of the Mohicans," we can easily imagine some of his adventures by the way. Often it was only the ring of fire around his camp that saved him from the attacks of wild beasts. What a long and dangerous journey—traveling in this way!

Whenever there were people to hear him, Whitefield preached, and so aroused the conscience of the American people that ever since the result of his visits has been called the "Great Awakening."

Many things for America's good came from his tireless journeyings and eloquent preaching, but the principal reason for telling in this book of this particular "Bearer of the Torch" is the fact that out of the love for God and man that his preaching awoke, sprang the Home Missionary societies of our country, and in this way we can trace back to Whitefield the glorious work for "the regions beyond" that has been done since home missions began.

So was The Torch passed on to America!

Is it not true that those three boys did a splendid work for the happiness and betterment of the world?

"So was *The Torch* passed on to America"
Julie C. Pratt

Not much has been said about one of them—Charles Wesley. Yet, as already told, his hymns sang the gospel all over Great Britain, and still, every Sunday, they ring throughout Christendom.

In Newburyport, Massachusetts, where Whitefield died, there is a monument on which is inscribed some record of his work; but never can be told the blessings that all our country owes directly or indirectly to his noble life—our country as a whole and also what we call our "exceptional populations," for soon after Christian men had formed societies "to carry the gospel to regions beyond" (meaning the country to the west of Albany), Christian women arose in their might and organized for work which has since done wonderful things for the Indians of our country, for Mexicans, Alaskans and Negroes, people of the southern mountains and Porto Ricans and immigrants.

All this had its start in the devotion of these three boys—as a pebble cast into a lake, starts circles that, growing wider and wider, break at last on the shores of eternity.

III.

BEARERS OF THE TORCH IN THE SOUTH.

"Por lil brack sheep, don' strayed away,
  Don' los' in de win' an' de rain;
An' de Shepherd, He say, 'O hirelin,'
  Go, fin' my sheep again.'
But de hirelin' frown—'O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep am brack and bad.'
But de Shepherd, He smile, like de lil brack sheep
  Was the onliest lamb He had.

"An' He say, 'O hirelin,' hasten,
  For de win' an' de rain am col';
And dat lil brack sheep am lonesome,
  Out dar so far from de fol'.'
De hirelin' frown—'O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep am ol' and gray.'
But de Shepherd, He smile, like de lil brack sheep
  Wus fair as de break ob day.

"An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness,
  Where de night was col' an' bleak;
An' de lil brack sheep, He find it,
  An' lay it agains' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown—'O Shepherd,
  Don' bring dat sheep to me.'
But de Shepherd, He smile, and He hol' it close,
  An'—dat lil brack sheep wuz me."

III

BEARERS OF THE TORCH IN THE SOUTH

SO far, we have heard a good deal about boys, but once upon a time a girl did something—something great—and she did it when a young girl, too.

Somehow, this world of ours always seems to be in need of something, and if the need is not met, it will be very much worse for the world!

Perhaps you have noticed, too, in reading this book, that when such a need is beginning to be felt, there is always a baby born somewhere, who will grow up with exactly the powers needed to fill the need.

Martin Luther, for instance, the great "Lighter of the Torch," loved music, and had a beautiful voice; and in school he was "good in languages." You will remember, I am sure, how these two gifts helped him in his grand life-work for the good of the world. You will like to think this out for yourself, as you go on with this book.

It seems to be true, too, that every boy and girl is born with just the particular powers that will make possible the doing of his or her life-work. Sometimes these powers are wilfully turned in the wrong direction, and that makes terrible confusion and loss in the world.

Think these things out as you study this book, and see how splendidly fitted our boys and girls were for their life-work, and what fine use they made of their powers.

As for me, I must go on with the story, and tell what that girl did!

In the last chapter, we found that Whitefield and the Wesleys by their Bible preaching and teaching, awoke in England and America a new desire to do right, and that fine things followed their preaching. One of those things was teaching people to read, and showing them that the Bible was the greatest book to read, and that without it they could not know either how to live, or how to die.

Now, that is, at the time we are telling about, when the nineteenth century was just about to begin, there were many thousands of people able to read the Word of God and longing to do so, *and no Bibles were to be had,* or only a very few, and these were very costly.

This was the great need of the world—*Bibles.*

Just at this time away over in a little village in the mountains of Wales a small girl was trudging along to school, for the minister of that village had opened a school where the children were taught to read the Bible in their own Welsh language.

I will show you how a verse of it looked,* and I am sure you will think that the little maiden, whose name was Mary, was very smart to be able to read and pronounce such outlandish looking words:

> Canys felly y carodd Duw y byd, fel y rhoddodd efe ei unig-anedig Fab, fel na cholle pwy bynnag a gredo ynddo ef, ond caffael o hono fywyd tragywyddol.

She was used to them, though, and they were not "outlandish" to her, but were the natural sounds of the dearly-loved tongue of her own land.

*John 3:16

Mary quickly learned to read the Bible and to love its beautiful stories, but she had no Bible of her own. Welsh Bibles were even more scarce and costly than English Bibles, and the little girl's father was a very poor man.

But a relative who lived two miles away had a Bible, and Mary Jones, then ten years old, trudged often over the four miles to read it, and as she tramped sturdily along one day, the thought came to her, "Why not earn some money and buy a Bible for myself? *I will.*"

So she began to earn money; it was slow work, for she was paid very little for her labor.

The resolute girl—girls as well as boys may have strong wills—kept this up for six long years. Then she thought she had enough money to pay the price of a Bible. But where could she find one? One day she heard that a minister at Bala had some Welsh Bibles for sale. To be sure, Bala was twenty-five miles away—long Welsh miles—and mountains towered between. But what of that? Could she not walk and climb?

So one day, in much excitement and very happy, carrying her hard-earned, precious money, she fared forth and crossed mountains and valleys. How the road did stretch out! But at last, late at night, she reached Bala, and the minister's house was all shut up and dark. What was to be done? Happily, a light twinkled in another house where lived a good elder and his wife, who gave her kind shelter, and food; and in the morning the elder, having heard her story, took her, happy and hopeful, to the rectory, where he repeated the story to the minister.

And what do you think the minister told her? Why, that he had disposed of all his Bibles!

Think of it! Six years of hard work and eager hope, and at the end the long, lonely, weary tramp; and then suddenly her bright hopes dashed to the ground, and her great longing disappointed!

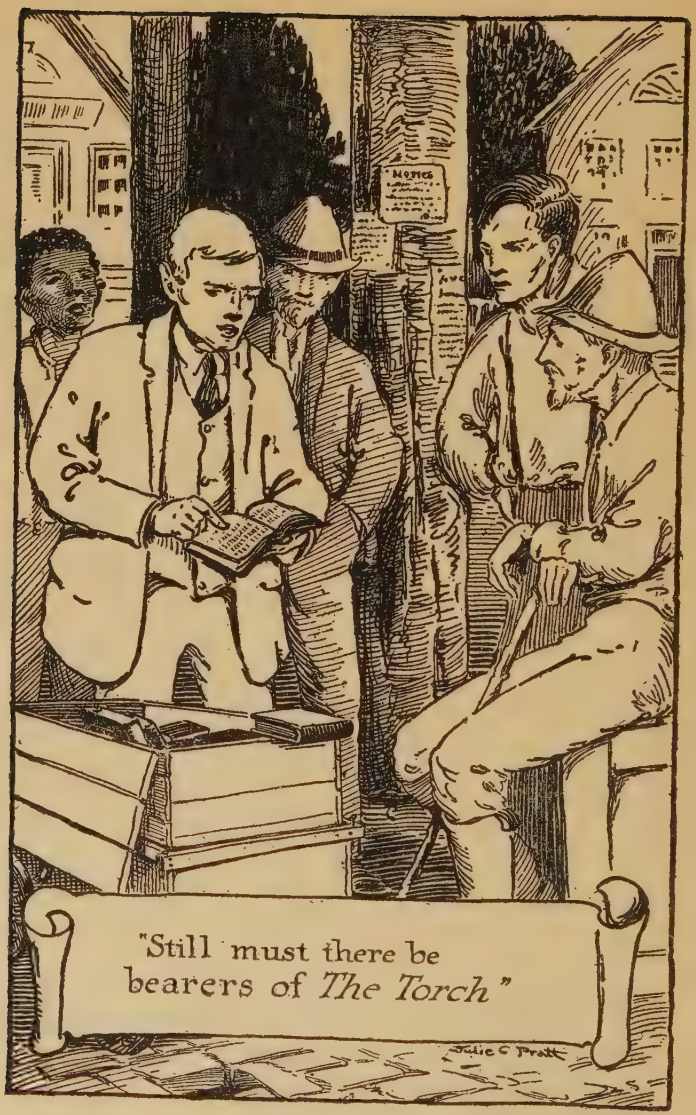
This was too much to bear. Poor Mary collapsed and "cried as if she would break her heart."

The sight of her sorrow and despair was also "too much" for Mr. Charles, the minister. He had a Bible, which he was keeping for a special purpose. He gave this to Mary, and now the long twenty-five miles seemed as nothing as the happy girl sped home with her treasure.

But this is only the beginning of the story of Mary Jones. The next chapter in it was when Mr. Charles went to London and there told a company of Christians about Mary's love for the Bible and her six years' labor to buy one, and her grief and disappointment, and he just plead with those men that a society should be formed to supply more Welsh Bibles.

However, it was not only *Welsh* Bibles that were scarce and longed-for. This thought seemed to strike the company, and one of them exclaimed: "If for Wales, why not for the whole world?" and soon afterward the great British and Foreign Bible Society was formed, and after that societies in France and Germany and America, and so the great need of the world was met through the love and devotion of one little maid of Wales, who never even dreamed of the wonderful work she had done. She had loved the Bible, that was all.

This is not the end of Mary's story; it never can end, but goes on and on in the five hundred languages and dialects into which the Bible has been translated and in the four hundred million and more copies, which have gone out from the presses of the Bible societies. (See frontispiece.)


"Still must there be
bearers of *The Torch*"
Julie C. Pratt

So the need of the world was met. But in this book, we are thinking most of the need of America, great indeed at the time our American Bible Society was formed; how great was discovered by means of a house-to-house canvass all over our country as it was then settled.

You would not believe how many children were growing up in America who had never even seen a Bible!

So the first great work of "Home Missions" in America was done by the Bible societies when they sent out men and Bibles with instructions to put the Book into the hands of every family in our country, especially in the destitute places of the South and West—"the West" at that time hardly extending beyond the Mississippi River.

In this chapter we shall follow some "Bearers of The Torch" into our southern country, not forgetting that it is from the "pebble cast into the lake" by a little Welsh girl that we are enabled to carry on all our work for Alaska and the Indians, for our Spanish-speaking people in the southwest and Porto Rico, for the immigrants, coming to us from all countries; for the one need for our work is the Word of God, and from our "Bearers of The Torch" this Word sounds forth.

Our "Bearers of The Torch" in the South carry the message to very different kinds of people; to the mountaineers who once had the Word, and whose strong characters owe their strength to its teachings, although now almost forgotten; and to the "Freedmen," children of slaves, the most of whom never had a Bible.

It hardly seems right to speak nowadays of "Freedmen," because an end was put to slavery so long ago that only the very oldest negroes still living were ever slaves, while all the others are like ourselves, free-born, not freed.

There are millions of these people in our Southern States, and many Bearers of The Torch have hastened to them to light up the darkness of ignorance. It was difficult work when so few even knew how to read; the first need was schools in which they could be taught not only to read and write, but also how to live, and these schools, of which there are now a large number, have done wonders in helping to make strong, good, and self-reliant men and women, who are keeping up Christian homes.

Scattered through the South are now many schools, each of which is like a taper lighted from The Torch, and it is astonishing how much light even a taper can shed abroad!

Multitudes of children throng these schools, bright and happy little children, although many of them are desperately poor; they are learning "to do things by doing," and how to make healthful and happy homes.

No one can possibly measure the good to our country from the little, but always crowded, country schools, and the larger day schools, and especially from the boarding schools and academies, where young men and women are getting a thorough preparation for the life-training of hand and head and heart.

There have been—there are now—some great Bearers of The Torch to the Mountains of the South, and these adventurers, climbing and descending steep mountain sides and crossing swirling waters as they went from cabin to cabin with their Glad Tidings, were sometimes not unlike those actual bearers of the Cross in the mountains of Scotland.

But their message was not a summons to battle. The "Bearer of The Torch" carried a message of love and

good will which healed the scars of war in many a feud between clan and clan in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Not that only, but whole communities have been redeemed by their message, and thousands of men and women, thoroughly educated and trained to bear their part in life's battles, are now living noble Christian lives, and other thousands of boys and girls are now joyous Christians with earnest purpose in life, and devoting energy and strength to obtaining an education in schools conducted by Bearers of the Cross in the South, where the student's every faculty is being trained for happy Christian service.

In all these schools the Bible is taught every day and is the rule of conduct for every one—teachers and pupils. As to the knowledge of the Bible possessed by these boys and girls in our mission schools—well, I'm afraid some of you might better think twice before consenting to a "Bible contest" with them! In fact, I am sure some of you could not begin to compete; and that is not much credit to you with your splendid "chance in life," is it?

This "chance in life" is such a great thing to these boys and girls. They will work hard for years, and make every sacrifice for it—while some of you—a few of you —care so little for school and all it means that you might even "play hookey" if the truant officer would give you a chance!

One thing we have not noticed, and that is how, in all our mission work, the boys and girls taught in the schools, light tapers, as it were, from the great Light, and speed forth to carry their message into some dark place.

You would scarcely believe how bright a light they carry, nor how far they sometimes carry it, even into

places where a horror of great darkness lies upon the hearts of the people until the bright shining of this Light makes the shadows flee away.

There are many splendid stories about those who, having been handed The Torch, speed away with it until at the right time and place it is passed on to another runner, who takes it and speeds on and on.

Watch for such a story in the last chapter of this book!

And in the meantime, don't forget that the great things of this chapter came about through the love of one little girl for the Bible. You see you never can tell, any more than Mary Jones could, to what glorious service simply doing right may lead!

IV

A RUNNER TO NEW MEXICO

"Two years ago a young woman came to our mission school. She was unable to read, had had no advantages in bringing up, but, like Topsy, had 'just growed.' She did good work in our industrial department, and as good as could be expected in the class room. During the past summer she married one of our evangelists. I visited their home last week. She was the very picture of neatness and everything in her house was clean and comfortable. The floors of her rooms were like a table, her beds were snow-white and her cooking the best I have ever seen in a Mexican home. She goes with her husband and sings and reads with the people—a true missionary. I was delighted, and said to the teacher as I called at the school: 'If you had not done any other work, this one girl is enough.' But she is only one of hundreds scattered through New Mexico.

"'Any perceptible difference?' Yes, as much difference as between day and night, as between light and darkness."

IV

A RUNNER TO NEW MEXICO

WHEN we first catch a glimpse of her—this small Torch Bearer-to-be—she is busily doing her afternoon "stint" of patchwork in the pleasant and sunshiny kitchen of her Virginia home. Never does she dream that when she grows up she will be a missionary to New Mexico. She might possibly have thought of the Islands of the South Seas, for one hundred years ago—more or less—when this tiny maiden was taking careful stitches—but between them looking and listening longingly for the sights and sounds of the lovely outdoors in garden and orchard—it was at least known where the South Seas were and how to get to them! As for New Mexico, one might almost as well try to get to the moon.

However, girls do unexpected things sometimes. This little girl grew bigger and bigger, and after several birthdays had passed she was quite a young lady, and very attractive, for each year she had become brighter and prettier and more sweet and gentle, and each year her character had grown stronger, for she was a courageous girl with a firm and resolute will. Altogether, it is not at all strange that when about this time a young minister happened along and met this charming maiden, he should think her the prettiest and best girl he had ever seen.

So he came often to see her, and one sweet May day an eager young man and a blushing girl stood in the orchard, in the midst of the birds and blossoms, hand in hand. He said something, and she said something, with tearful eyes but smiling lips; and just then, a pert little robin, looking sidewise at them, with his bright eyes, saw something—and possibly heard something, for a robin's hearing is *very* keen—and off he flew to a tree, where he chuckled and trilled and fluted in a most entrancing way, while a little breeze from the west wafted down apple-blossoms—and apple-blossoms are every whit as good for the purpose as orange-blossoms—over the girl's bright hair.

It is easy to see that the young minister had asked the pretty girl to go with him through life, and that she had said, "Whither thou goest, *I* will go"; and so they went off together, over the hills and far away, for in the young Home Missionary's commission was written *New Mexico*.

And that is how the little Virginia maid became a missionary to New Mexico!

She and her husband had a hard and very long journey. While waiting for them to reach the end of it, suppose we try to learn something of the "land of sunshine" to which they were going.

And first we shall have to go away back on the road to long ago; back indeed to one of that fifteenth century bunch of boys! It does seem as if everything depended upon something else, doesn't it? You see, if Columbus—or somebody else—had not discovered America, the Spaniards would not have found gold in it, and if they had not found gold—but the chain would be too long for us to handle, should we add on *every* link.

It is enough for us now that Columbus did discover America "in 1492," and that the Spaniards did find gold —enormous quantities of it—but still they wanted more. The vision of gold danced before their eyes and fairly dazzled their minds. A certain Spaniard, whose name you know, very likely, was told by the Indians in Porto Rico that not very far off there was an island which contained gold. Ponce de Leon obtained permission from the king of Spain to search for this island, which he hoped might contain also the "fountain of youth" for which he was looking.

So he sailed and he sailed, and at length reached land. He discovered it on, or near, Easter Sunday, and named it Florida. But it turned out that Florida had no gold, nor fountain of youth, and was not even an island! So that bright dream faded. After some years another man tried to find gold; sailing along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, he came one day to a river, and on it he spent several weeks trading with the Indians. He noticed that they wore gold ornaments. This was exciting! Not much came of it, however. Presently still another Spaniard started to follow this vision of gold; he, too, saw those ornaments and was told by the Indians that there was gold in the Appalachian Mountains, and that sometimes the Indians living in those mountains covered their bodies with powdered gold.

The "Gilded Man" at last! Now, indeed, did the vision dazzle. This man, named Narvaez, started in pursuit with four hundred men. Such hardships they met and such disappointments! Narvaez himself was drowned, and after that misfortunes came thick and fast until only four men were left of the four hundred.

These four, meeting with every kind of adventure, nevertheless actually succeeded in crossing the continent from Florida to the Pacific coast, where was a little Spanish town, built by soldiers who had come north from Mexico.

The men told thrilling tales of multitudes of "hunchback" cows they had seen (you know what they really were, but the Spaniards did not), and of stories they had heard from the Indians of cities of gold and silver where the very doorways of the houses were studded with precious stones. Think of that!

Excitement ran high. Here at last must be "The Island of Gold in the Western Sea" and the "Seven Cities of Cibola" for which so many gold-seekers had searched in vain!

So a monk called Fray Marco was commanded to find out all he could about those wonderful seven cities, and to make a report of what he discovered.

Fray Marco had splendid courage and endurance, as he needed to have, for his search took him all through what we now know as Arizona. When he came back he made his report, in which he really did not exaggerate, but in some strange way the wildest stories began to fly about. Such silver cities! Nay, such *golden* cities! Such doorways—whole doorways—made of turquoise! Such actual mountains of gold!

All these stories so "went to the head" of the Spanish authorities, that a great expedition was fitted out to go in search of the "seven cities" and to capture them. (If you want to recall the date of this expedition, just remember that it went out in the same year that Martin Luther made that splendid speech to the Diet of Worms.)

The leader of the expedition had a long name—Don Francis Vasquez de Coronado—but the cavalcade he led was even longer!

There were two hundred dashing young men in flashing armor, mounted on fine horses brought from Spain. There were foot soldiers also, and a thousand Indians. Four priests, one of them Fray Marco himself, marched with the column. Then came horses carrying immense stores of food and of ammunition, and a thousand spare horses besides!—at least, so the account says. As part of the provisions great numbers of sheep and swine were taken along.

Well it was all very splendid, and the people were in high spirits, but very soon things began to happen.

Those proud-looking horses carrying the cavaliers were too high-fed for hard work; the soldiers did not know how to "pack" and the loads of provisions *would* slip off the horses' backs, and so much food was lost that the whole cavalcade was before long in danger of starvation.

However, the seven cities were at length found—and what do you suppose they turned out to be? Only the Indian pueblos (villages) of Zuni! These "cities" were captured, but where was the gold?

Bitterly disappointed, the expedition turned back—a dismal contrast to the gorgeousness with which it set out.

Yet those dazzling stories were still believed in and other expeditions, with other leaders, were fitted out, and always the cunning Indians promised them that what they searched for was in the *country just beyond!*

The gold they never found—but the eager search for it led to the exploration and opening of all that region, and the day came when it was named "New Mexico," and made a province of Spain.

The first city built was given a high sounding name—The True City of the Sacred Faith of St. Francis. Happily this was in time shortened to Santa Fé.

Time passed on; colonists were sent out from Spain. The Indians were made to submit to baptism, but kept many of the customs of their own religion (the worship of the sun). Some of the priests sent out to the missions were men of fine courage and devotion, and they accomplished wonders in turning the Indians from fierce enemies to peaceful friends, though they were really slaves in mind and spirit.

In time some of the Spanish colonists married Indians, but the children of all alike, Spanish and Mexican, grew up in ignorance and superstition, the Bible being always held from them.

This ignorance became worse and worse, until darkness itself seemed to enshroud the minds of the people.

Nearly three hundred years after Coronado's expedition Mexico gained her independence of Spain. Then New Mexico became a province of Old Mexico.

This did not change matters much. Things went on just about the same until something else happened which did make a difference.

Please put on your thinking caps for a minute and think hard, for I want you to tell me what our country was doing at this time.

"What time?" you say.

But I have told you. I said Coronado's expedition to capture the "seven cities" set out in the same year that Martin Luther said *"Go forward!"* to those who suggested that he should turn back when he had set out for Worms. Then three hundred years from that date, Mexico gained her independence. That brings it, doesn't it, to *1821?*

Well, in 1821, what was the United States doing?

For one thing, we had made the Louisiana Purchase eighteen years before, and now owned the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific (but not California yet. We shall come to that presently), and were beginning to explore it.

Up to this time there was little knowledge of the country we now call New Mexico, Arizona and California, and it was tremendously important that just about the time we have been speaking of, an American trapper traveling through the Rocky Mountains in pursuit of fur-bearing animals, was led farther south than he had ever been, and so discovered the old Spanish-Mexican city of Santa Fé!

Here was new excitement! Suppose this Mexican market could be reached from the United States? *Whew!* the trapper's eyes glistened at the thought of possible future profits.

And that was the beginning of it—of our knowledge of New Mexico, and of the "commerce of the prairie."

For as soon as tidings of the trapper's "find"—which meant a new outlet for the productions of the East—reached St. Louis, merchants began to send off pack trains carrying goods for the Mexican market, and soon there was a trade with Santa Fé which in a few years became enormous.

It is astonishing what danger and hardship men will endure if there is a prospect of making money. Travel over the Santa Fé trail was frightfully dangerous in every way, but most deadly of all was the peril from the Indians along the way. Nevertheless the traffic on the trail continued and increased.

Then, indeed, something happened. The trapper who started the interest in Santa Fé had done more than he ever dreamed of; out of it came a great thing for Spanish America and for us, for presently the United States, during a war with Mexico, quietly took possession of California and the great territory of New Mexico, and in this way there came under our flag and protection the people that we have said were living in the darkness of ignorance, without the Bible or any knowledge of the gospel—most of them not even knowing how to read.

Now it is plain why missionaries were sent to New Mexico, which at that time was more like a "foreign" than a "home" field, even if some families there had been in America a hundred years longer than any that "came over in the Mayflower."

One can easily imagine that the customs of New Mexico—many of them—are those which came into Spain with the Moors from Africa; and they in turn had practiced them since the days of Abraham. Much that surrounds the life and home of a Mexican ranchman reminds one strangely of what he reads in the Bible, of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. A visitor to New Mexico in the early days said:

"All along the country people were gathering and threshing their grain, for it was the season of harvest. But such harvesting! It would set an eastern farmer in despair. The grain that had been raised in ground plowed with a crooked stick was being reaped with a sickle, and their hay was being cut with a hoe, literally cut off at the roots. As in the days of Ruth and Boaz, men and women were still reaping with a sickle and some gleaning. Others were treading out grain with sheep, and others engaged in winnowing it. After cleaning out the bulk of the store with forks, the wheat and chaff were shoveled into woolen blankets, which, by a series of jerks, similar to shaking carpets, tossed their

contents into the air, the chaff blowing away, and the wheat falling back upon the blankets. This process can only be carried forward when the wind is favorable, consequently to avail themselves of a favorable wind they work all night. So did the men of Boaz. (Look up Ruth, 3:2). A still further process was to lift the wheat in a bucket as high as the head and empty it slowly upon a blanket spread upon the ground. Separated from the chaff the wheat was taken by the women to a neighboring stream and washed in large earthen jars after which it was spread on woolen blankets in the sun to dry.

"Great flocks of goats and sheep cover the plains, and donkeys abound in the villages. The burro, or Mexican donkey, is certainly the poor man's friend. He carries for them their household, their firewood, their grain. In the fields are occasional lodges (Isaiah 1: 8) as a shelter while watching the melons and grain. Roads for foot passengers and pack-animals run through the grain and corn fields (Mark 2: 23) and along the unfenced wayside are the graves of the former inhabitants, with a rude board across and a pile of stones at the feet (2 Sam. 23: 17). Some of these graves are along trails up the mountain side, so steep that the traveler uses his hands as well as his feet to ascend. Women carry water in great jars upon their heads and shoulders (Genesis 24: 14)."

Now, would you not, seeing these things, feel as if you were in a foreign and a very ancient country?

In naming this chapter we must have been thinking rather of the Scot whose chieftain said to him as he put the signal of the cross in his hand:

> "The muster place is Lanrick mead—
> Speed forth the signal! clansman, speed!"

for certainly creaking slowly along in a "prairie schooner" for three months can hardly be called *running* to New Mexico—except as the eager desire of our Torch Bearers to obey their Lord's command ran on before.

While the going was so painfully slow, there was no lack of excitement and stir, for our missionaries were all the time in the midst of danger and peril which beset the Trail. Perils of the desert, of thirst, of wild beasts, of treacherous rivers, but most constant and most of all, of Indians.

In those days of the Old Trail travelers were never without escort of soldiers if possible, but certainly of scouts and guides. "Kit Carson," perhaps, or possibly "Buffalo Bill" himself, protected the little Virginia bride and her husband on this trip out. By this time the pack trains of the earliest days had given way to long caravans of a hundred wagons—sometimes more than a hundred—drawn by eight hundred oxen, with two hundred fully armed men. These caravans made two trips a year, going out in the spring and returning in the fall.

Very likely Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill and many another scout of the plains are long time friends of yours, and if so I need hardly tell you how the caravan was, in a jiffy, turned into a fortification.

It will do no harm, though, to explain that the wagons were driven along the Trail in two parallel columns with a space of thirty feet between. In this space were the loose animals. Scouts were always on the lookout for Indians and gave quick warning if any were seen. In such a case the train master made a signal, the oxen were halted, the head and rear wagons of the two columns were turned in towards each other and the caravan, loaded mostly with cotton stuffs, instantly became, as I said, a fortification.

Yet, notwithstanding all the watchfulness and the defenses, so sudden and deadly were the Indian attacks that all along its course the Old Trail showed ghastly proofs of lives lost.

"The Torch has been held high every day in every mission school"

There were many tragic happenings, but our young home missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. McFarland, got safely through and at last reached Santa Fé and began their work. Hard work, too, it was, needing courage and love and patience.

A sentence from a letter gives us a little understanding of the homesickness and loneliness of those early days:

"We received your kind and cheering letters with something of the feelings of the Israelites when they received manna from heaven, for they are food and encouragement to our sometimes almost famishing spirits."

Teaching the children was the most hopeful part of the early work. Through Mrs. McFarland's gentle tact and persuasiveness pupils were found for the first attempt at educational work in New Mexico. A teacher came to teach them—making the long and dangerous journey of fifteen hundred miles in a stage coach alone.

It was a group of forlorn and sad-eyed children who formed Miss Gaston's little school at Santa Fé. Everything about the school was forlorn, especially the little adobe (dried mud) building in which it was held.

The building and its furniture continued to be sad-looking and forlorn for many a day, but not so the children. Their faces brightened wonderfully, and grew sweet and smiling.

But let us read what the teacher herself said about the condition of people and things:

"Sad it is to see the destitute condition of these poor, ignorant people. In many of their houses we find nothing but a few blankets and mattresses, laid down on the hard beaten earth floor in one corner, and a little pot made by themselves to do their cooking in. All the household eat with their fingers out of the same pot. But they are be-

ginning to look up. I can go into their houses and teach them anything I choose. They will come and ask me to teach them, and watch me while I am cooking. Our school will be larger than last year but, alas! our schoolroom is a miserable place.

"There is no blackboard, table or desk, nothing in it but three low benches and an old home-made chair. When it rains, the water pours down through the adobe roof. I have stood and taught when the water was flooding down all around me and the floor was a pool of mud and water. Last winter some of our pupils were sick most of the time because of these conditions, but they continued to come and made great progress in their studies, notwithstanding their miserable surroundings. As long as they show such eager interest we shall try to teach them, if we have to stand out of doors to do it."

The Mexican villages are all built after one pattern—a large public square called a plaza, around which are grouped the one-story adobe houses. In the early days they did not have improvements of any kind; no fences, no yards, no gardens—nothing but the little packing-box-like adobe houses, and the ground around them was as hard and dusty as the public highway.

How different are things now! The march of progress has set in in New Mexico—not with very rapid pace in all parts, and in some parts where American settlers have not yet appeared, things are even as they used to be. Some farmers still "plow with a crooked stick, reap their grain with a sickle" and tramp it out with ponies and goats, and with them grinding is still done by rubbing two stones together with the grain between; but in many places binders and threshers are used, and in the larger towns, steam or electric mills do the grinding for all the country round about.

And notice how Mrs. McFarland's little school at Santa Fé has grown!

Says a traveler: "I went to Santa Fé many years ago. Mrs. McFarland was teaching in a little day school for Mexicans, and that school has grown into your magnificent boarding school for girls, called now The Allison James School. How like a beacon light it is! Parents bring their children many miles over the long roads and unbridged rivers, as did a father who arrived on one occasion, after a journey of three hundred miles in a wagon with five children, and beamingly announced that there were six more at home whom he would bring next year!"

I wish the little Virginia girl who was a Torch Bearer —I mean the Torch Bearer who was once that little Virginia girl, could see the wonderful harvest that has come from the seed she planted with such love and patience!

One may find this harvest of Christian character today all over the state of New Mexico.

When it comes to true manhood and true womanhood there is no comparison between the graduates of the mission schools and the graduates of other schools in New Mexico and for this there is just one reason: *The Torch,* which is the Word of God, has been held high every day in every mission school and its light has illumined the minds and hearts and its message has built up strong Christian character in boys and girls who are now men and women doing brave and splendid work, true, honest work for New Mexico.

After all, the Word of God has *run* and been glorified in the Southwest.

V

A BEARER OF THE TORCH TO CANNIBALS

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

> Glory to God in the highest,
> And on earth peace, good will to men.

To William Duncan:

> "Thy labours done,
> *Thy Lord* shall speed the signal on."

V

A BEARER OF THE TORCH TO CANNIBALS

STILL another carol singer! He sang in the choir of Beverly Minster; people came long distances to hear his wonderful voice, and the clear notes ringing true with other voices as the Processional was sung, or high and sweet in a solo, belonged to a boy whose face and walk showed him to have a firm, strong will, as had the carol singer of Eisenach—Martin Luther!

I wonder what great work this boy—his name is William Duncan—is going to do! for it does seem that the gift of a resolute will, which will not be turned aside or overcome, means that the owner of it has before him something hard and splendid to do.

At all events—when William Duncan grew to be sixteen or seventeen years old, he entered business, and was getting on finely, delighting his employers with his ability and his faithfulness, when a friend told him of a missionary address to be given on a certain night in his church—the church where he had been choir boy—and asked him to attend the meeting.

William promised to go, but rather regretted he had done so when the evening arrived, stormy and drizzling.

Still, he had promised, so he went, and was one of a very small audience. After a burning address, the speaker in earnest prayer implored the Lord to put it

into the mind of some young man present to give his life to the spreading of the knowledge of the gospel.

After the prayer, William looked about him. *He was the only young man in the church.*

On his way home, through the slushy streets of the little north of England city of Beverly, where he lived, young Duncan did some hard thinking.

"I was the only young man there," he thought. "Why should I not become a missionary? May not the Lord have something for me to do in heathen lands?"

It was his way then and always to think things through, and before he slept his mind was made up:

"If God wants me," he said to himself, "I will accept the call and carry the glad tidings to some desolate heathen homes."

This decision meant giving up a large salary and very bright prospects, for already there opened out before him a brilliant business career.

None of these things moved William Duncan! Paul's motto was his—"This one thing I do."

One day he read an account of the terrible barbarism and savage cruelty of certain tribes of Indians living on the shores of the North Pacific Ocean. There was one settlement of nearly a dozen tribes who were so savage and bloodthirsty that the traders of the Hudson Bay Company were in constant fear of a general massacre. Their post at this settlement was strongly fortified with palisades of heavy timbers and massive gates. These in time of siege were often kept closed for months at a time. Cannon were mounted upon the galleries, there was a strong garrison of riflemen, and sentinels were on guard night and day. This post was called Fort Simpson. The account ended with an appeal for a missionary, and

Captain Prevost, who wrote the account, offered a free passage in his ship to any one who would go to Fort Simpson to teach these savage people the gospel of Christ.

The young man read the appeal, offered his services to the Church Missionary Society, was accepted, and within seven days had made preparation, said goodbye to his friends, and was off with Captain Prevost for the long voyage around Cape Horn. This was in the year 1857, when Duncan was twenty-five years old. In six months they reached Vancouver Island, where Sir James Douglas, President of the Hudson Bay Company, tried to dissuade Duncan from going to Fort Simpson, telling him that he would throw his life away to no purpose, and urging him to remain as a missionary at Vancouver, where he would have ample protection. But no—to Fort Simpson and those murderous cannibals Duncan had set out to go, and to Fort Simpson he did go.

The day after he reached the fort, and for many days after, he saw from the galleries of the fort actions of the Indians too horrible to tell about; but you may be sure of one thing—that the man who could see them and yet remain among the people to do them good must have had the most dauntless courage, and a heart of tender and Christ-like compassion.

Night and day for eight months he worked at the language; and, strangely enough, the language of these savage and debased tribes is most rich and musical, and full of poetical expression.

In this study Mr. Duncan had the help of a native named Clah, an Indian interpreter, who had free access to the fort.

The Indians became very curious as to the reasons for Mr. Duncan's presence among them. After a while a

rumor spread that he had come from afar to bring them a message from God. One day an Indian came to the fort to find whether this rumor were true. Mr. Duncan tells us about this visit:

"The Indian first asked, 'What do you mean by 1858?'

"I had to tell them that 1858 represented the number of years we had had the Gospel of God in the world.

"He said, 'Why didn't you tell us of this before? Why were not our forefathers told this?'

"I looked upon this as a poser. He said to me, 'Have you got the word of God?'

"That in the English language would be the same as saying, 'Have you got a letter from God?'

"I said, 'Yes, I have God's letter.' That would really be the idea that would reach the Indian's mind.

"He said, 'I want to see it.'

"I then got my Bible. Remember, this was my first introduction. I wanted them to understand that I had not brought a message from the white man in England or anywhere else, but a message from the King of kings, the God of heaven. They wanted to see that. The man came into the house, and I showed him the Bible. He put his finger very cautiously upon it and said, 'Is that the Word?'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'it is.'

"He said, 'Has He sent it to us?'

"I said, 'He has, just as much as He has to me.'

" 'Are you going to tell the Indians that?'

"I said, 'I am.'

"He said, 'Good, *very* good.' "

Mr. Duncan soon mastered the language, and began to deliver his message. Some heard it gladly, but many, and especially the chiefs and "medicine men" of the

tribes, were determined to keep to their heathen ways, and tried to kill the man who had come to turn them from these wicked and cruel customs.

After a while some of the Indians had become Christians. Mr. Duncan had flourishing schools, and had taught the people many things, but the horrible temptations of heathenism were all about them, making the new life very hard to live. So Mr. Duncan resolved to take his Indians away from these surroundings and to found a Christian city. Those who wished to live in it were compelled to sign these fifteen rules:

1. To give up their Indian deviltry.
2. To cease calling in the medicine man when sick.
3. To cease gambling.
4. To cease giving away property for display.
5. To cease painting their faces.
6. To cease indulging in intoxicating drinks.
7. To rest on the Sabbath.
8. To attend religious instruction.
9. To be cleanly.
10. To send their children to school.
11. To be industrious.
12. To be peaceful.
13. To be liberal and honest in trade.
14. To build neat houses.
15. To pay the village tax.

The first five of these rules meant giving up all their heathen ways and customs, which they and the tribes to which they belonged had followed for hundreds of years. This was a fearfully hard thing to do, and only those who were very earnest followers of "The Word" were strong enough to sign.

Fifty were found who were willing to sign and go with Mr. Duncan to the new home on the island of Metlakahtla.

Some day perhaps a great artist will paint a picture of this setting out to found a new city—this turning from evil to seek the good—from a horror of darkness to the Light of the World.

I wish we had such a picture of their setting out. It was in May, 1862.

"In the afternoon," says Mr. Duncan, "we started off. All that were ready to go with me occupied six canoes, and we numbered about fifty, men, women and children. Many Indians were seated on the beach, watching our departure with solemn and anxious faces. Some promised to follow us in a few days."

Mr. Duncan had selected the new home two years before, and thus described it:

"A narrow, placid channel, studded with little promontories and pretty islands, a rich verdure, a waving forest, backed by lofty but densely wooded mountains. A solemn stillness, broken only by the cries of happy birds flying over, or the more musical note of some little warbler near at hand."

It was a small company that started away with Mr. Duncan that day in May, but not two weeks had passed when thirty canoes, *carrying three hundred people,* came dashing down the inlet.

What a cheering sight to Mr. Duncan!

Now he was beginning to reap a harvest from his strenuous plowing and seed-sowing.

The "solemn silence" of Metlakahtla was broken now. It was a busy place. Several industries were undertaken and Mr. Duncan paid wages to all the workers. This was very necessary, for as Christianity raised their standard of living, more money was needed to supply their wants than in the old heathen days.

A salmon cannery was built and a co-operative store—the story of which is itself a most interesting tale. Then a saw mill run by water power was added, although one incredulous Indian declared that when he beheld water saw wood, he would be ready to die!

Work went busily on: streets were laid out; gardens made and houses built. A church was built also, and when a bishop came from England to visit Metlakahtla, he found a large number of persons ready for baptism.

Try to imagine the happy and busy life at Metlakahtla, so different from the sad and wretched lives at Fort Simpson.

The poor children in those days never laughed—they did not know what happiness or fun was—they never even smiled!

But now! if you could have seen those smiling children in school, learning from their kind and pleasant teacher to read and write and to be happy and good, and, when school was out, learning from him how to play!

And it was a wonderfully good thing that Mr. Duncan understood music and could sing: he taught his Metlakahtlans, whose voices in singing were rarely sweet and true and strong. You should have heard the singing of the church choir; it was simply beautiful.

It was wonderful, too, how Mr. Duncan educated these Indians, that is, how he led them out—their minds, their hearts, their consciences—and how he trained them to take responsibility. Soon after going to Metlakahtla he appointed constables whose signs of office were a cap, cape and belt; it was a great honor to be chosen to this office. Later he organized a town Council, and elders for the church were elected.

When Mr. Duncan had been with them thirteen years, he had such faith in his people that he entrusted everything to their keeping and went to England to be absent a year, his main object being to learn several trades, so that on his return he might teach his people and give them these additional ways by which to earn their living. In his notebook was a memorandum as to the different trades and occupations he intended to investigate and study. We copy it from the life-story of Mr. Duncan called "The Apostle of Alaska."

Cleaning		Weaving	Dressing deerskins
Teasing		Making soap	Making bricks
Carding	wool	" brushes	" tiles
Dyeing	wool	" baskets	" staves
Drying		" rope	Gardening
Spinning		" clogs	Photography

The voyage to England and back required so much time that Mr. Duncan would have only six months or so to learn all these things.

But he learned them! and had besides, entered in his memorandum book, extensive notes of every trade and everything connected with it.

He learned photography, and took back with him to Metlakahtla apparatus, plates and chemicals.

He was the first photographer on the Northwest coast.

It was an interesting sight—the unloading of his varied freight, when he got back to Metlakahtla, just a few days more than a year after leaving.

And then there were busy days putting up buildings for all these new industries, and learning new trades and occupations.

Few things escaped Mr. Duncan's quick eyes and keen perceptions. He had noticed that the Indians, though they had no instruments except a primitive drum and the rattle which the medicine men used, were great singers, had fine voices, as I have said, and good ears for time and sound.

So he made up his mind before he went to England to bring back with him instruments for a brass band—and he did—thirty pieces, and while waiting for a steamer at Victoria he took lessons of a very fine music teacher—eleven lessons for which he paid $11.00, and in those eleven lessons he learned the gamut of all the thirty pieces!

On this trip he also brought an organ for the church.

The next thing was to call some of the young men together. He showed them how to use the instruments, and sent them out into the forest to practice.

After a while, he succeeded in teaching them to play, "God save the Queen." This, remember, was in 1871.

Later, a German machinist, who was quite a musician, came to Metlakahtla from Victoria. He gave the young men lessons for three months, all the rest they taught themselves, and in the course of time Mr. Duncan had reason, indeed, to be proud of his Metlakahtla Brass Band!

So this wonderful work went on, "The Torch," or, as the Indians called it, "God's Letter," lighting up the life of body, mind and soul of all who received its message. The Christian spirit in the village, the love and faith unfeigned of his people, were a joy to Mr. Duncan.

As to the Indians—no words could measure their love for their teacher and pastor and friend.

Here are some words Mr. Duncan has written about the change that had taken place since he first came among the people in 1857:

"Then they were all superstitiously afraid of me, and regarded with dread suspicion my every act. It was with feelings of fear and contempt they approached me to hear God's Word, and, when I prayed among them, I prayed alone. None understood. None responded. Now, how things have changed! Love has taken the place of fear, and light the place of darkness, and hundreds are intelligently able and devoutly willing, to join in prayer and praise to Almighty God.

"To God be all the praise and glory."

When after some years, Mr. Duncan resigned his work at Metlakahtla, his Indians asked him to make a new Metlakahtla, to which they would follow him.

In some ways this is to us the most interesting part of the whole story, for, by permission of the United States, Mr. Duncan chose a site for the new city within our boundaries, and in 1887 his Indians once more fared forth from their homes, and this time, like the Pilgrim Fathers, they sought "freedom to Worship God."

And they have found it on Annette Island, the site selected by themselves, one of the loveliest spots in all Alaska. Some pioneers were at once sent up there to build temporary huts near the beach, while the rest of the villagers went on their usual summer tours to gather and put up supplies of food for the winter.

At the end of July the canoes returned, and their occupants went at once to their new home to assist in putting up temporary houses.

It was a tremendous moment for the New Metlakahtla when about noon on August 7, 1887, a gun announced

"In 1887 the Metlakahtla Indians once more fared forth from their homes and sought freedom to worship God"
Julie C. Pratt

the arrival of the steamer *Ancon,* for the steamer brought to them their beloved leader and teacher, who landed at once.

Here is the thrilling moment, as *we* look at it.

A flag pole was set up, and while cannon boomed far out over the water the stars and stripes were hoisted for the first time over Annette Island and the Metlakahtla that was to be.

The beautiful silk flag was presented to the Metlakahtlans by friends in the United States.

In order that you may see in your minds how beautiful our colors looked that day, I must tell you a little bit about the surroundings.

The new village is on the north side of Annette Island. The gently rising land just back of the fine beach and beautiful harbor, the mountain background, the splendid growth of cedars, spruce and hemlock, the gorgeous wild flowers, all made a scene of exquisite beauty, and in the midst of all, against the soft gray blue of the Alaskan sky, floated the beautiful flag of America.

As the flag rose slowly above them the Indians uncovered their heads. "Since that day" we are told, "there are four great holidays celebrated at Metlakahtla every year:

> Christmas Day, the birthday of the Christ;
> New Year's Day, the birthday of the year;
> Fourth of July, the birthday of the Nation, and
> August Seventh ("Pioneer Day," as it is called),
> the birthday of New Metlakahtla.

At three o'clock divine services were held on the beach, conducted by Mr. Duncan.

Soon after this the Governor of Alaska offered Mr. Duncan assistance in the educational part of his work,

allowing him $1,200 a year. Six years later a rule was made that the Bible should not be taught in any school in Alaska receiving aid from the government.

When Mr. Duncan heard of this rule, what do you think the great "Torch Bearer" said? I think you can almost guess it. He said:

"The Bible will not be exiled from any school that I have anything to do with," and he immediately refused to receive another dollar of government money.

I should like to tell you of the printing press set up at New Metlakahtla, one of the Indians having been first sent to Portland to learn printing; of the baseball and football clubs—the various musical bands and the orchestra; oh, many, many things—most of all, to describe the wonderful church built by the natives—the inlaying and carving. The whole creed of this church is found on the beautifully inlaid pulpit on the ribbon held in the bill of a dove—"God is love"—and in the glad gospel message surmounting its preaching platform, "The angel said unto them: 'Fear not, for behold I bring good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour who is Christ our Lord.'" It is a beautiful church having a fine pipe organ —the only thing except the gas fixtures that was not made by the Indians themselves.

Even more, I should like to tell you about the simple and beautiful services held in the church, especially the morning service on New Year's Day, when the little children born in the preceding year are "brought to Jesus to be blessed."

You must read of these things for yourselves, in that great book, "The Apostle of Alaska."

I must, though, take space to ask you to think of a contrast:

First—that description of the cannibals of the Northwest, which led Mr. Duncan to speed to them with The Torch and its message, and

Second—the fiftieth anniversary of The Torch Bearer's going to their rescue when a choir of his Metlakahtlans—forty rich and beautiful voices—sang and sang exceedingly well, the oratorio of The Messiah, led by Edward Marsden with another of Mr. Duncan's boys at the organ.

And it is with the Hallelujah Chorus that we close our story of the grand old Bearer of the Torch to Cannibals.

VI

A BEARER OF THE TORCH IN THE WEST

"When the future historian writes the religious annals of this backbone of our continent (the Rocky Mountains) he will give the foremost place to Sheldon Jackson, the pioneer of the forces of good."

"Our brave missionaries are making history for us. They are the pioneers of civilization, and if what they have done be not recognized now, it will be hereafter. When we are all dead and gone, and our 'Western Archipelago' is no longer a wilderness; when church spires rise out of primeval forests, and the sound of the church-going bell is heard over these woods and waters; then will the historians of that day seek among the graves of the fathers to whom Alaska owes its schools and churches, and no name will be held in more grateful remembrance than that of Sheldon Jackson."

VI

A BEARER OF THE TORCH IN THE WEST

AFTER all, although the preceding chapters might lead you to think so, it is not absolutely necessary for a boy to be a sweet singer in order to do a splendid work for the betterment of the world. The hero of this chapter proves that! and never in our story have Roderick Dhu's words to his henchman as he put in his hand the Cross:

> "The muster place is Lanrick mead—
> Instant the time. Speed, clansman, speed!"

been so appropriate as in the time to which we have now come.

Only we must understand by "Lanrick mead" our great West, which was becoming in the years of which we now write, the "muster place" of the powers of evil. And it was the great object of the Bearer of The Torch to the West, to get there first with the forces of good; so the second line of our quotation is quite correct if we say:

> *Instant* the time—*Speed, Jackson, speed!*—

and even more speed is required to tell the story in the space allowed by this book, for Sheldon Jackson did a prodigious number of things and an enormous amount of work.

His adventures, as exciting often as those of Kit Carson or Buffalo Bill, if half described, would fill volumes, for his preventive work, as nowadays it might be called, began in 1859 and continued for more than twenty years; you boys and girls do not need to be told that those were the palmy days of the Overland Mail, the Pony Express, and Indians; of fording rivers, of losing one's bearings in bewildering and freezing blizzards with the cry of howling wolves making itself heard above the roaring of the winds.

Sheldon Jackson began his work in Minnesota. Someone has said of him, "He kept on beginning." That was his life work. Some years later he began among the Rocky Mountains. Then he went to Alaska and kept on beginning. He might be called "The Beginner," that is, he saw the possibility for some noble work of prevention before anyone else saw it, and straightway started a work which often less energetic and far-seeing men could carry on once it was set going.

Here is something else that was said about him in those days of danger and excitement, when Dr. Jackson had reached Denver after a long trip in the mountains:

"The most remarkable pioneer of missionary work here is that heroic Kit Carson of Home Missions, Sheldon Jackson. The brave little man* appeared on Saturday, just in from a tramp over the snow mountains, carrying his own blanket and provisions. He has been among the miners of the San Juan region, and is prospecting for mission stations in Arizona and New Mexico. He

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*Dr. Jackson was *very* short in stature, as is Mr. Duncan of Metlakahtla, but they are both giants "by *inside* measurement"; it does not follow that just because a boy is short, he will automatically become a splendid missionary, like Jackson, Duncan or—the Apostle Paul.

"Sheldon Jackson, the pioneer
of the forces of good"
Julie C. Pratt

will soon start for Idaho and Oregon. Dr. Jackson is worth more to Colorado than any one of the richest gold or silver mines."

Let me tell you of one Kit-Carson-like adventure. This is the way it happened:

Once when making a long winter trip Dr. Jackson was delayed for thirty-six hours by snowdrifts; later he learned that a stage coach would pass about a mile and a half from his camping place, a lonely spot even in daylight. The stage was due about midnight.

In order to keep an appointment, it was necessary to get passage on the stage, and this dark and lonely place on the road was between stations. So our missionary about midnight took his stand by the roadside, and waited, and when the stage came along he signalled the driver to stop. Now here is the Kit Carson part. The instant the driver drew up his horses a half-dozen revolvers were thrust out from the stage, covering our missionary at close range. He could hear the click of the hammers—there was but the trembling of a finger between him and instant death! Well, under the circumstances Dr. Jackson immediately surrendered, and in a few moments, after things had been explained, he was cordially invited to become a passenger inside the coach!

You see the situation was this: inside the coach were a sheriff and his posse who had captured a famous desperado, and were taking him to the county seat to be tried. The sheriff had received word that at some point on the trip an attempt would be made to hold up the stage and rescue the prisoner. When Dr. Jackson appeared in the road at this lonely spot, the guards on the alert in the stage thought he was the leader of an ambushed band of brigands, and without a second's loss of time were

about to shoot, when our missionary threw up his hands; incidentally, he later met his appointment! (I think I have heard that Sheldon Jackson *never* missed an appointment, though blizzards raged, or drifts piled high.)

"It was not an unusual thing for Dr. Jackson to be fired upon by Indians. This happened at least once upon a steamboat trip of 2,000 miles from Fort Benton at the head of navigation on the Missouri River to Sioux City, Iowa, a wild ride of ten days, when the boat was twice on fire. In those days the steamboats did not always have the right of way, and on this journey the party was delayed some time by a large herd of buffalo which chose just that time to swim across the river. The river for a great part of its course ran through a wilderness region, abounding in game of all sorts, and through it roamed thousands of Indians, according to their own pleasure. Occasionally there were clearings—very far apart—occupied by United States forts, or stockade trading posts. Very often large bands of Indians whose camps were near by, flocked to the river's bank to see the boat pass. One of these bands fired on the boat, causing great dodging and scattering among the passengers."

In those years, and especially after the Union Pacific Railroad across the country was completed, settlers simply poured into the West, and towns and villages sprang up everywhere. Liquor saloons and dance halls appeared almost before there were streets or houses, but in a great many cases Dr. Jackson, having learned in advance that some site had been selected, made a quick run to the place, discovered among the settlers already there a few Christian people, and even before the "powers of evil" arrived the powers of good in the form of church and Sunday School had been installed by our missionary.

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You would be amazed if traveling to-day over the same country to find how the beginnings of many large and flourishing Sunday Schools and beautiful churches were made by Dr. Jackson in some small log building or perhaps in a tent.

Our missionary preached from many a queer pulpit. At a certain mining camp in the Rocky mountains the question was asked, "Do you ever have preaching here?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "Sheldon Jackson was here last Sunday and we all met in this building (it was a house for crushing ore—the largest in the place), and he stood upon the engine and gave us a rousing sermon." That was the kind of man needed in those frontier settlements—men who could "stand on an engine" or anywhere else that gave a foothold, and preach the Glad Tidings; men willing to endure hardships, face any danger, take the chances and attempt what seemed impossible.

Such a man was the Bearer of The Torch to the West, and well it is for our country that at a time when there were no churches nor schools in the far West, this "giant by inside measurement" devoted his life to the work of starting them.

Such splendid energy and resolute endurance, and quick resource in danger—I cannot begin to tell all the danger—such industry, such tirelessness, such "keeping on, keeping on"!

Yet said some one who knew him well:

"Dr. Jackson never hurries—he just *persists*."

Perhaps this chapter should be called "The Bearer of The Torch to the North" for Dr. Jackson did also a great work for Alaska, and the beginning of it is a wonderful story.

Every chapter in this book has, I think, something to do with that story.

First, of course, there was Martin Luther, who freed the minds and hearts of men from bondage, by giving them the Word of God.

Then there was John Wesley, who gave back to Great Britain the knowledge of this Word, and formed a great church, which should ever live by its precepts, and especially by the great command, *Go ye into all the world and teach;* and you, I am sure, have not forgotten Whitefield, whose influence persists in the Home Mission Boards of America.

We think, too, of the little maid of Wales, crying her heart out, and remember that her bitter tears of disappointment led to the making of enough Bibles for the whole world.

And that pretty bride of the blossoms in the Virginia orchard—I hope you remember her, for, presently, you will meet her again!

William Duncan's decision that if the Lord wanted him to he would be a bearer of the Glad Tidings to the heathen has much to do with the story, so has Clah, the Indian interpreter, who helped Mr. Duncan to learn the Tsimshean language, and "the Kit Carson of Home Missions" has perhaps even more.

So, there you are! all the separate threads twisted into a strong cable of love, as you will see.

Is it not true that it is a wonderful story? Reaching back for four hundred years, and forward—Well, we cannot look into the ages to come, yet we know this story of faith and love can never end.

But the telling of it must come to an end very soon! So I hasten on to say all I can before the curtain falls on the scene.

Some years after Mr. Duncan went to Fort Simpson, a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church stationed

at Victoria, Vancouver Island, held there some special services for Indians. These meetings aroused great interest, and news of them gradually reached tribes living far back in the interior of British Columbia. Many of these Indians made the long and toilsome journey to Victoria, and among them was a chief who had come all the way from Fort Simpson, a distance of 600 miles. When the meetings were over the Indians returned to their far-off homes, passing on to their neighbors the Good Tidings they had heard.

Now, indeed "The Torch" was quickly passed from hand to hand.

When the Fort Simpson Chief reached home he and his wife started a school to teach others what they had learned.

One who went to the school was Clah, Mr. Duncan's teacher and preserver—for at least once, when in another moment Mr. Duncan would have been killed by a chief who was angry with him for trying to stop their wicked customs, Clah saved his life.

In the spring of 1876 Clah and seven others crossed the border into Alaska, looking for work. At Fort Wrangell they secured a government contract to cut wood.

When Sunday came, to the great amazement of the officers and men at the post, these Indians refused to work, but instead met together to worship God, to help one another to keep the faith, and to tell to the Alaskans around them as well as they could the new way of Life.

When their contract expired all but two of the wood cutters returned home, Clah and one other remaining.

Clah, aided by this associate, now gave his whole time to Christian work, holding religious services among the natives in the neighborhood of Fort Wrangell. Soon he opened a school for them and ninety persons, mostly

grown people, came to it. Day after day Clah—his Christian name was Phillip—himself knowing not more than an American schoolboy of nine years, taught them, using all the knowledge he had and daily praying for more.

Do you think any one of our noble Bearers of The Torch did more than this?

And so were the Glad Tidings first made known in Alaska.

A soldier in the post watched all this with the deepest interest and compassion, and at length wrote a letter to General Howard asking him to arrange for a Christian teacher to be sent to Alaska from the States.

You would hardly believe how little Christian people seemed to care for the poor Alaskans; it was actually ten years after Alaska had been purchased from Russia before missionary work was started there.

And how do you suppose it came about?

Well, the soldier's letter at length came into the hands of Dr. Jackson, and one might be sure then that something would be done, and it was.

And here Mrs. McFarland comes into the story. Her husband's health failed in New Mexico; hoping he might be better in another climate, they had gone to work among the Nez Perce Indians in Idaho; but about a year before this he died and Mrs. McFarland went to Portland, Oregon, hoping soon to be busy again.

One day along came Dr. Jackson and asked her if she would go to Alaska, and if she could be ready to start in five days!

Mrs. McFarland said she would, and could. She did, too, and with Dr. Jackson's help started a school for the Alaskans at Fort Wrangell, and afterwards a Home for Girls, and Phillip McKay—that is, Clah—put his school in her hands, becoming himself a scholar—and

this was the beginning of all missionary work in Alaska.

Dr. Jackson returned east and aroused the interest of Christians in the churches, and henceforth his great energy and powers were devoted to establishing schools where the Alaskans were taught to be Christians, and in many ways working for their good.

"The schoolhouse nearest the North Pole," "the schoolhouse farthest West," and many others were planned and started by him.

Every year for a long time Dr. Jackson sailed on the United States Revenue Cutter "Bear" on its annual trip to Point Barrow, landing at many points to leave supplies for the missionaries who could obtain no more until the "Bear" and Dr. Jackson came again the next summer—and not always then, for it happened some years that the surf was too tremendous to admit of landing, and once the "Bear" was caught in an ice-pack.

Traveling by dog-train, was the only way to get about from one interior station to another, and many a trip did our missionary take by this means, clad all in fur from his head to his feet.

When some day you go to Alaska you will find reminders of Dr. Jackson at every turn—in churches and schools and in the museum at Sitka, where are collected all manner of things showing the former heathen life of the Alaskans; and at many points you will—if you admire and love this "giant by inside measurement" as you must—glory in the great herds of reindeer which now more than justify this far-seeing man's plans for the future welfare and comfort of the people of Alaska.

Food and clothes and shelter, transportation and occupation, enlightenment of mind and heart, training of hand, and the hope of the Gospel—all these and more, the Alaskans owe to this great-hearted *Bearer of The Torch.*

AT THE FINISH.

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died;
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

AT THE FINISH:

A BUNCH OF BOYS—AND GIRLS—OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

STILL there must be Bearers of The Torch, for the Word of God has not been carried to all the world —not even to all America.

Whole tribes of Indians have never been told of Jesus Christ; there are great regions in Alaska where yet no missionary has gone, bearing "God's Letter."

Think, too, of Cuba and Porto Rico, which, in all the four hundred years since the Word of God sounded forth from Martin Luther, have not been allowed to hear the Bible preached, much less to possess it, except as in recent years The Torch has been borne thither by our missionaries.

There are our southern mountains where The Torch burns dimly and must be rekindled; there is all our great Southland with its millions of Negroes, many of whom still need to be told the Glad Tidings and taught to live Christian lives.

There are immigrants coming to us from all the lands of the earth. Many of them, oh, how many! have never held in their hands nor their hearts the wonderful words of life.

All of these still in darkness—who will be Bearers of The Torch to them?

Not long ago there was in a certain great city of America a "bunch" of boys and—for this is the twentieth century, not the fifteenth—*girls,* excitedly watching a game of football.

Among them were some, as in the fifteenth century, who are to do a great work for God and man, for the betterment and happiness of the world.

How do I know?

It must be so, for the need of the world is great, and much heroic work must be done to meet it. There will be no one to do it, but you who are now boys and girls.

Surely there are some among you gloriously qualified boys and girls of the twentieth century, who will seize The Torch from hands that have nobly borne it and speed with it—on, *on*—until the Word of God shall have run and been glorified in all our America!

Surely, surely, from some of you, as from Martin Luther, shall sound forth the Word?

In a few years fair Opportunity will appear, and then some of you boys and girls, through high school, through college, splendidly equipped for life's work, will make up your minds, as did young Duncan on that stormy night, to put the fire of your youth and the strength of your full manhood and womanhood, into the heroic and noble work for God, that needs to be done and waits for you to do it.

And *you* will be, some of you—

BEARERS OF THE TORCH

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